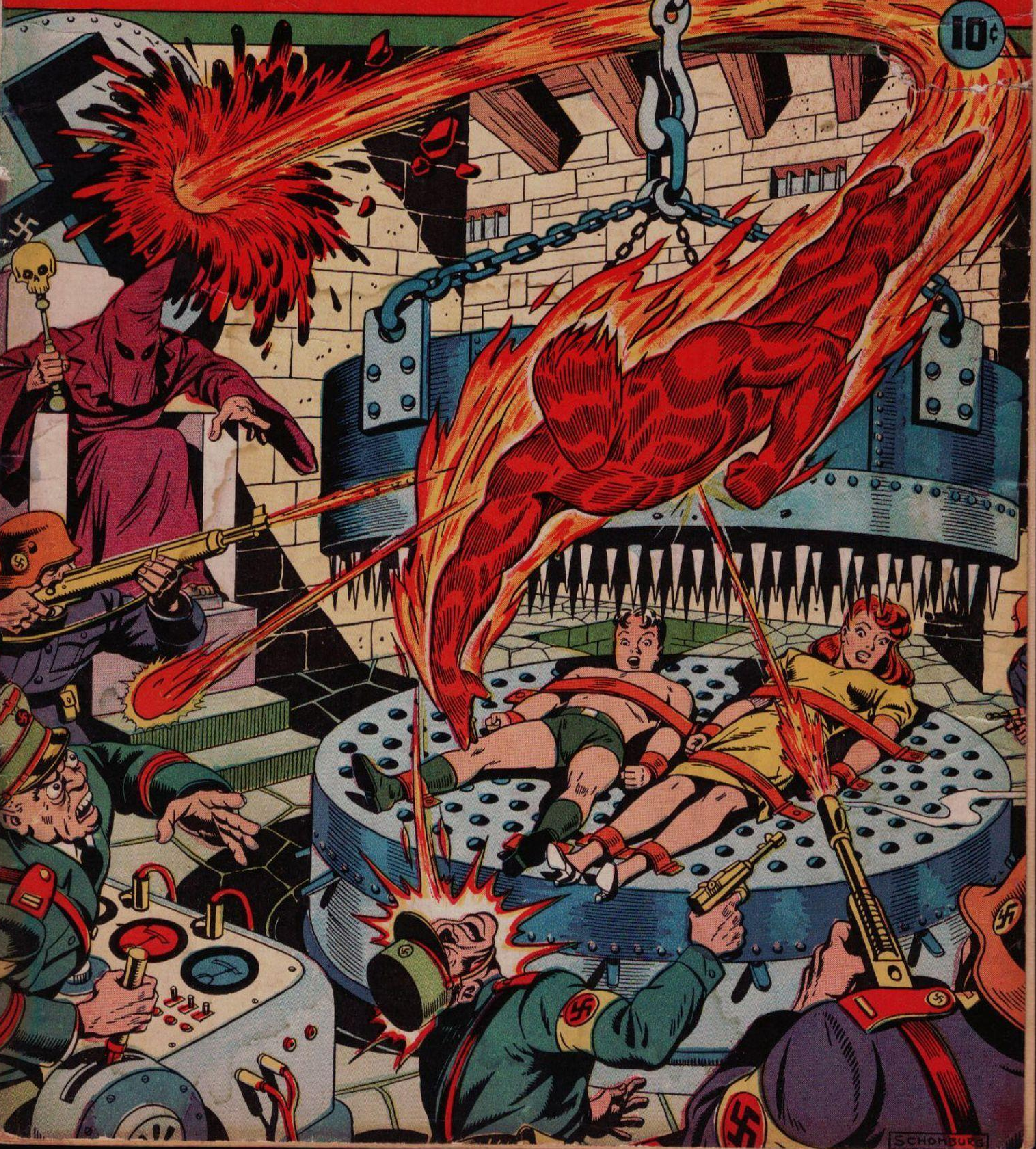
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

FEBRUARY NO. 52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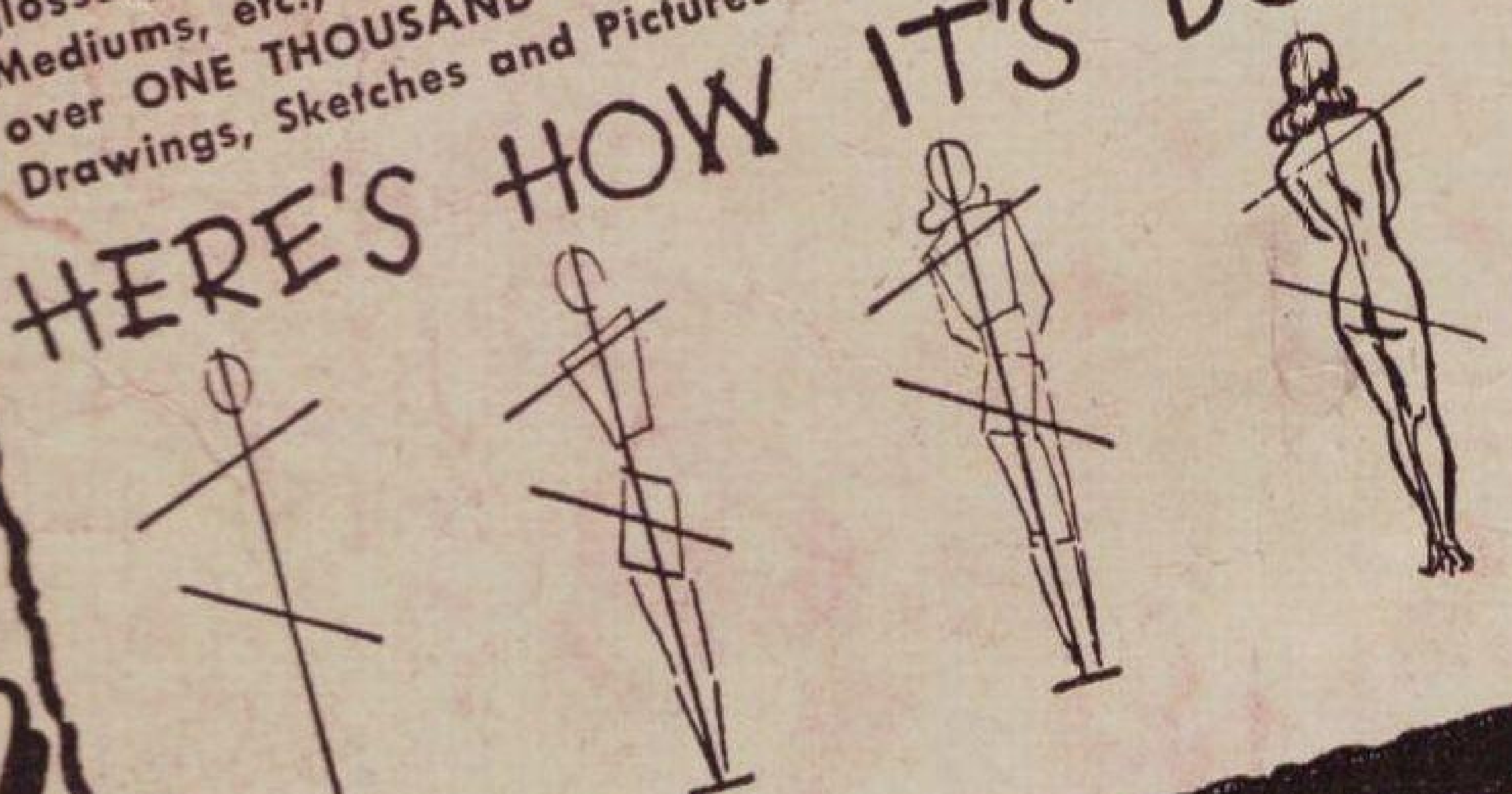

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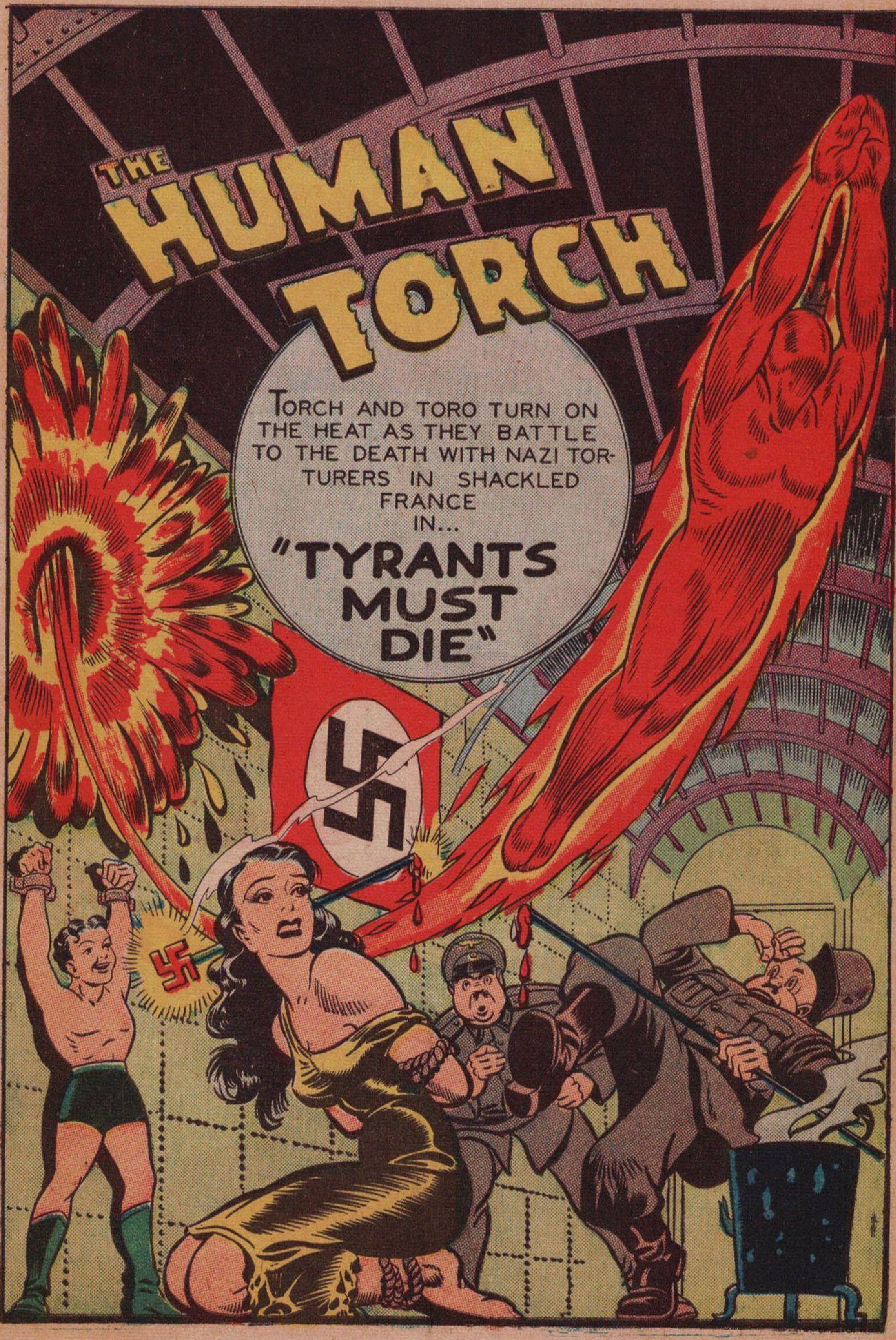
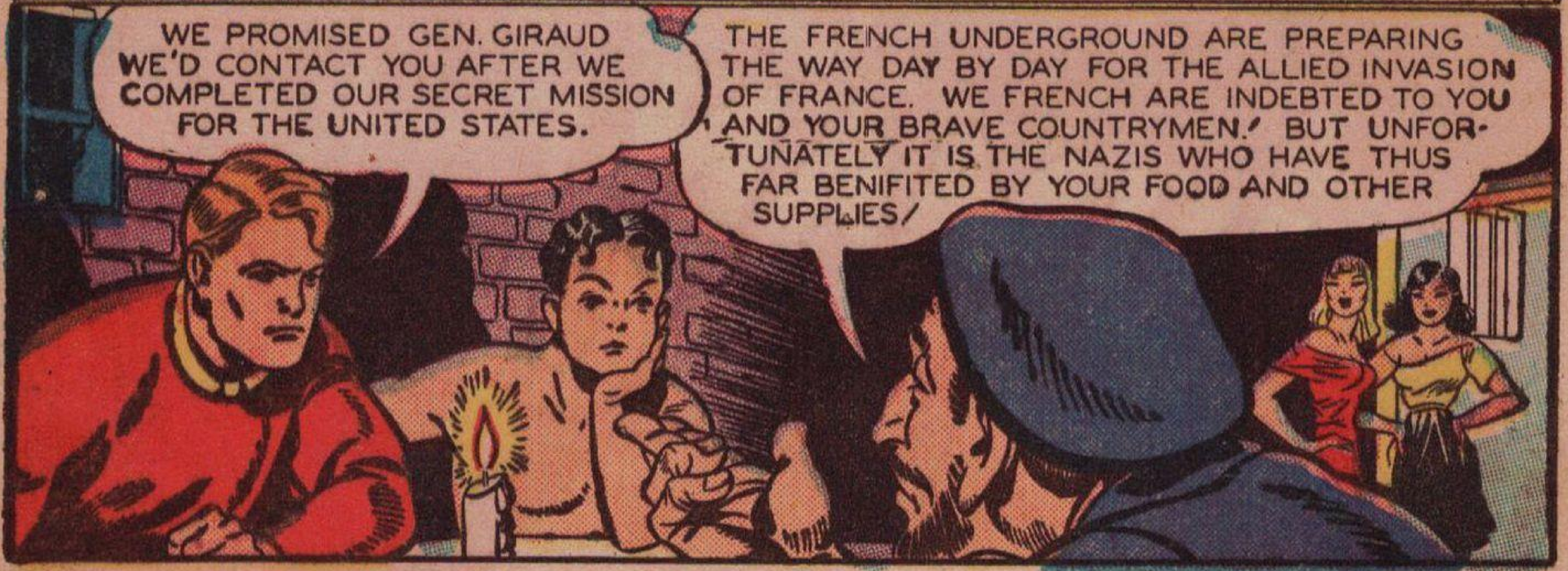
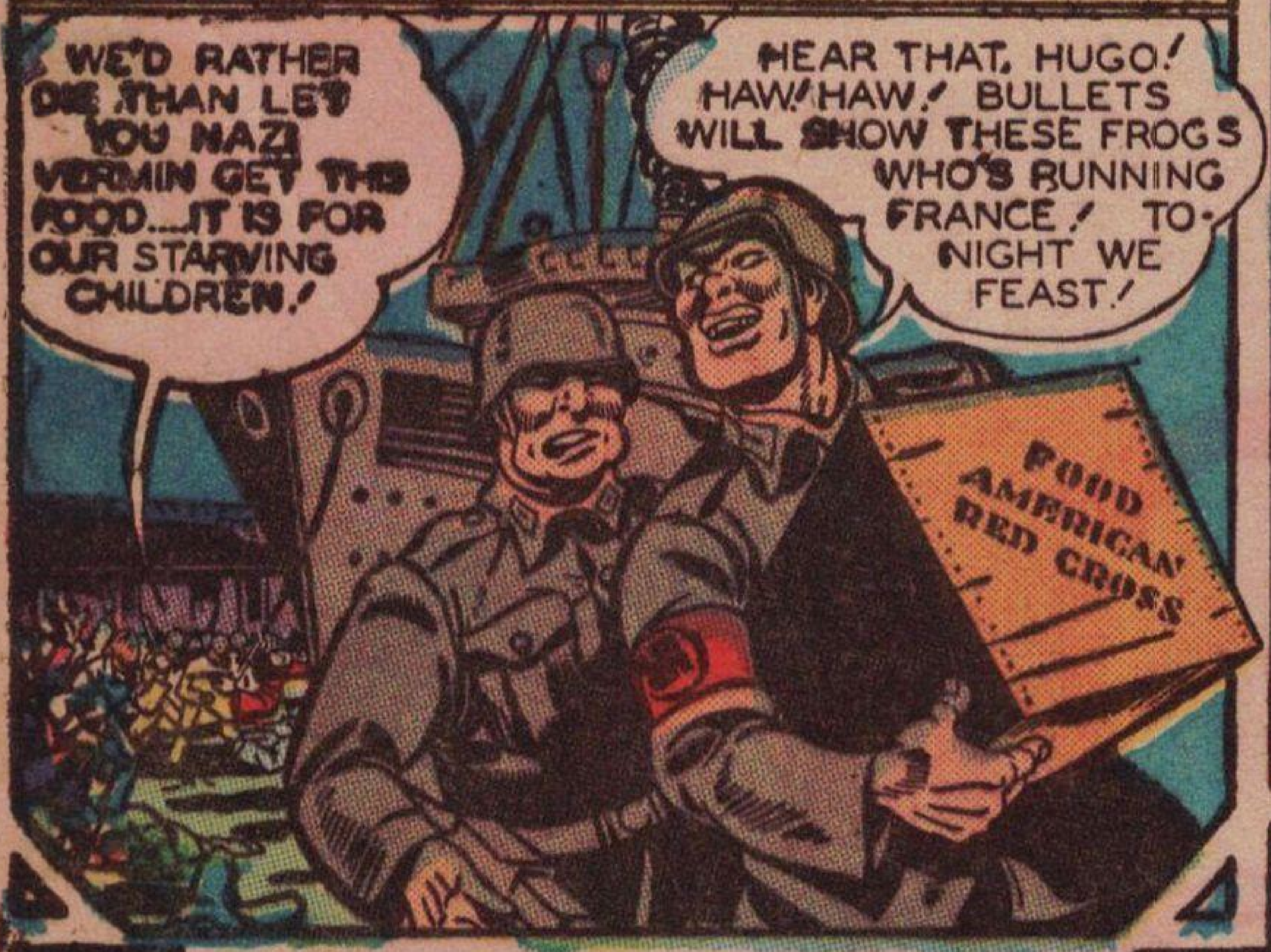

THE HUMAN TORCH
TORCH AND TORO TURN ON THE HEAT AS THEY BATTLE TO THE DEATH WITH NAZI TORTURERS IN SHACKLED FRANCE IN...
"TYRANTS MUST DIE"

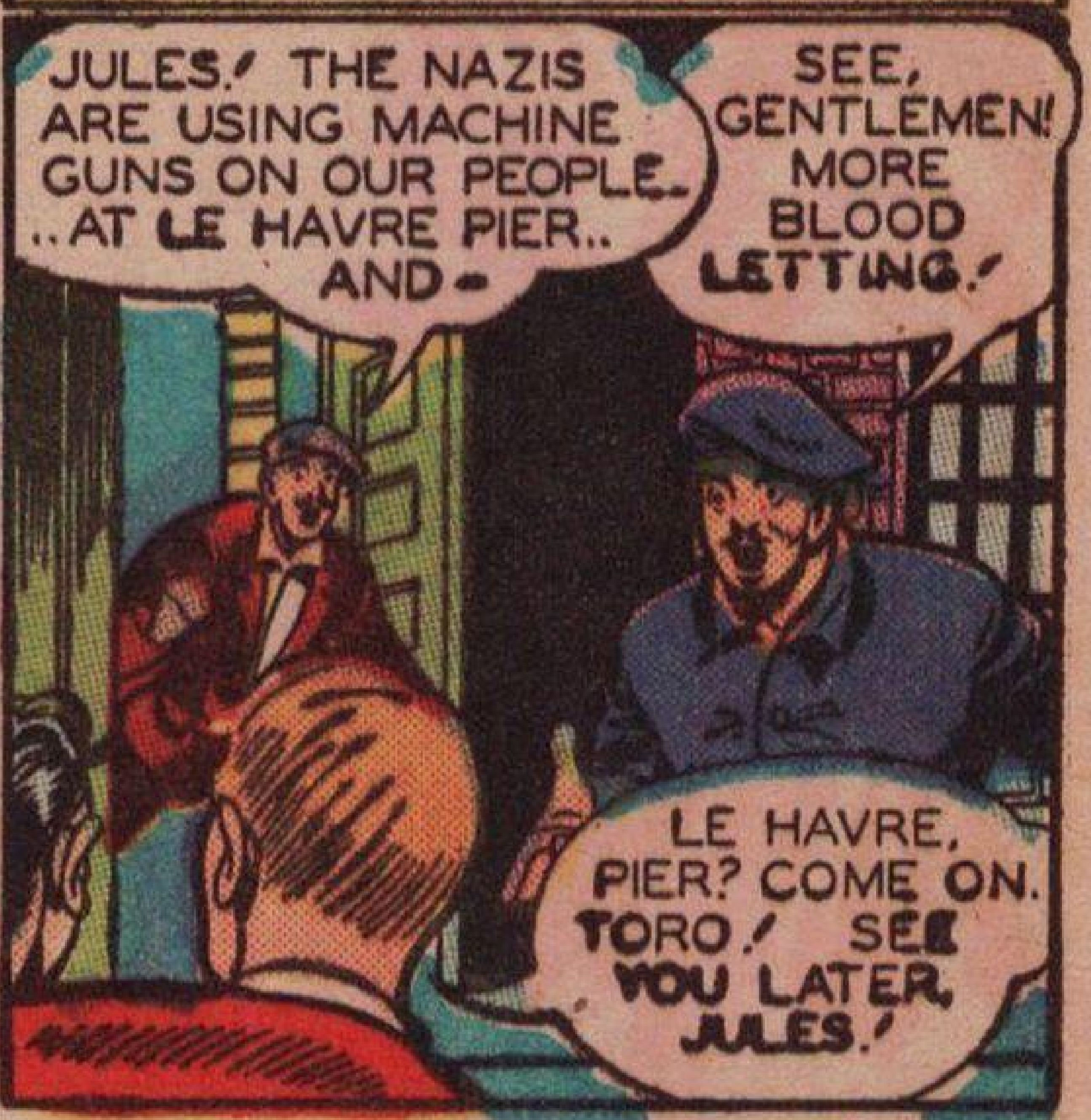
A CONFERENCE IS HELD IN A CELLAR HIDEAWAY, WHERE TORCH AND TORO MEET JULES GAUTIER, HEAD OF FRANCE'S SECRET CIVILIAN ARMY, AN ARMY COMPOSED OF BRAVE PATRIOTIC MEN AND WOMEN..............


WE PROMISED GEN. GIRAUD WE'D CONTACT YOU AFTER WE COMPLETED OUR SECRET MISSION FOR THE UNITED STATES.
THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND ARE PREPARING THE WAY DAY BY DAY FOR THE ALLIED INVASION OF FRANCE. WE FRENCH ARE INDEBTED TO YOU AND YOUR BRAVE COUNTRYMEN! BUT UNFORTUNATELY IT IS THE NAZIS WHO HAVE THUS FAR BENIFITED BY YOUR FOOD AND OTHER SUPPLIES!

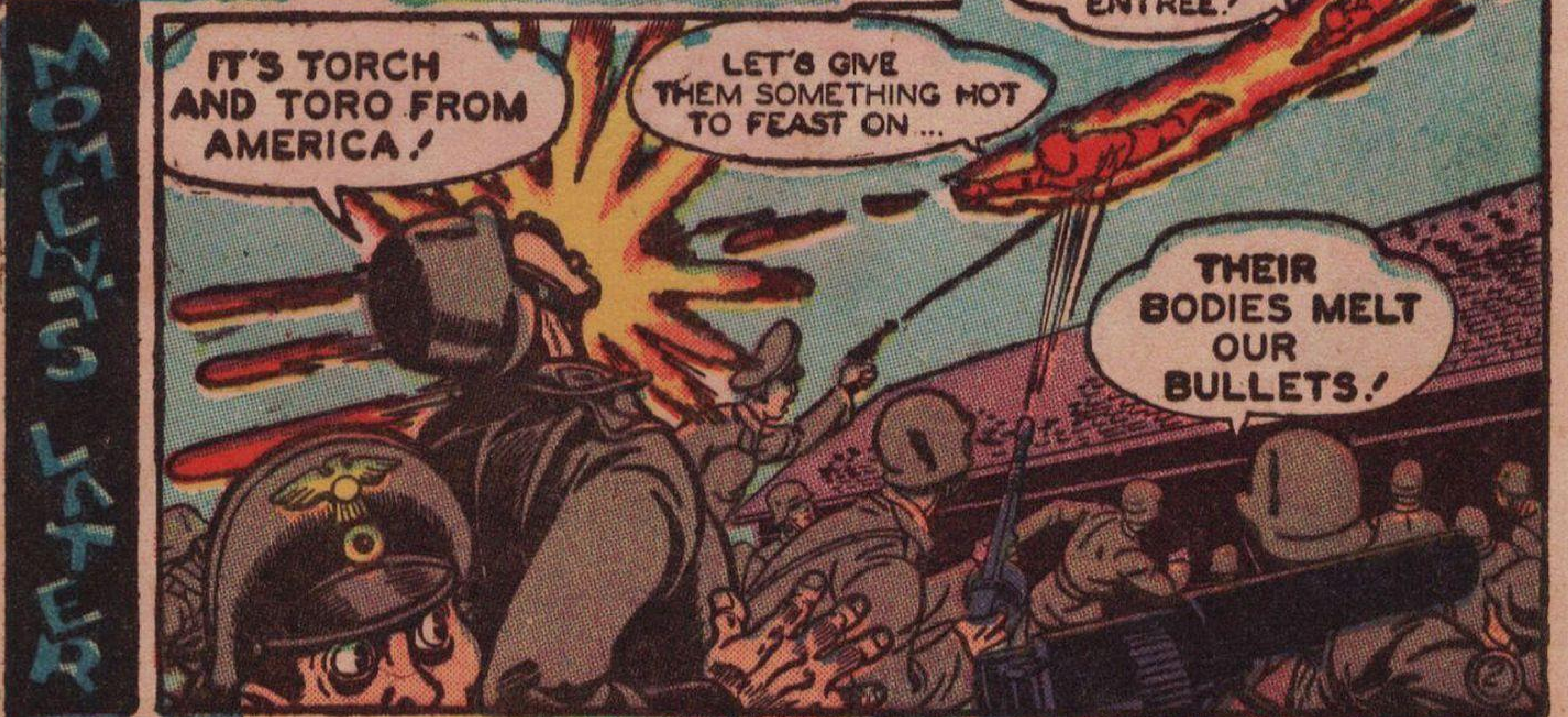
BATTLING AGAINST STAGGERING ODDS AT THAT VERY MOMENT, FRENCH MEN AND WOMEN DEFY BLAZING GUNS IN A VAIN EFFORT TO WREST A HUGE SHIPMENT OF FOOD JUST DELIVERED BY THE AMERICAN RED CROSS...


WE'D RATHER DIE THAN LET YOU NAZI VERMIN GET THIS FOOD...IT IS FOR OUR STARVING CHILDREN!
HEAR THAT, HUGO! HAW! HAW! BULLETS WILL SHOW THESE FROGS WHO'S RUNNING FRANCE! TONIGHT WE FEAST!
FOOD AMERICAN RED CROSS

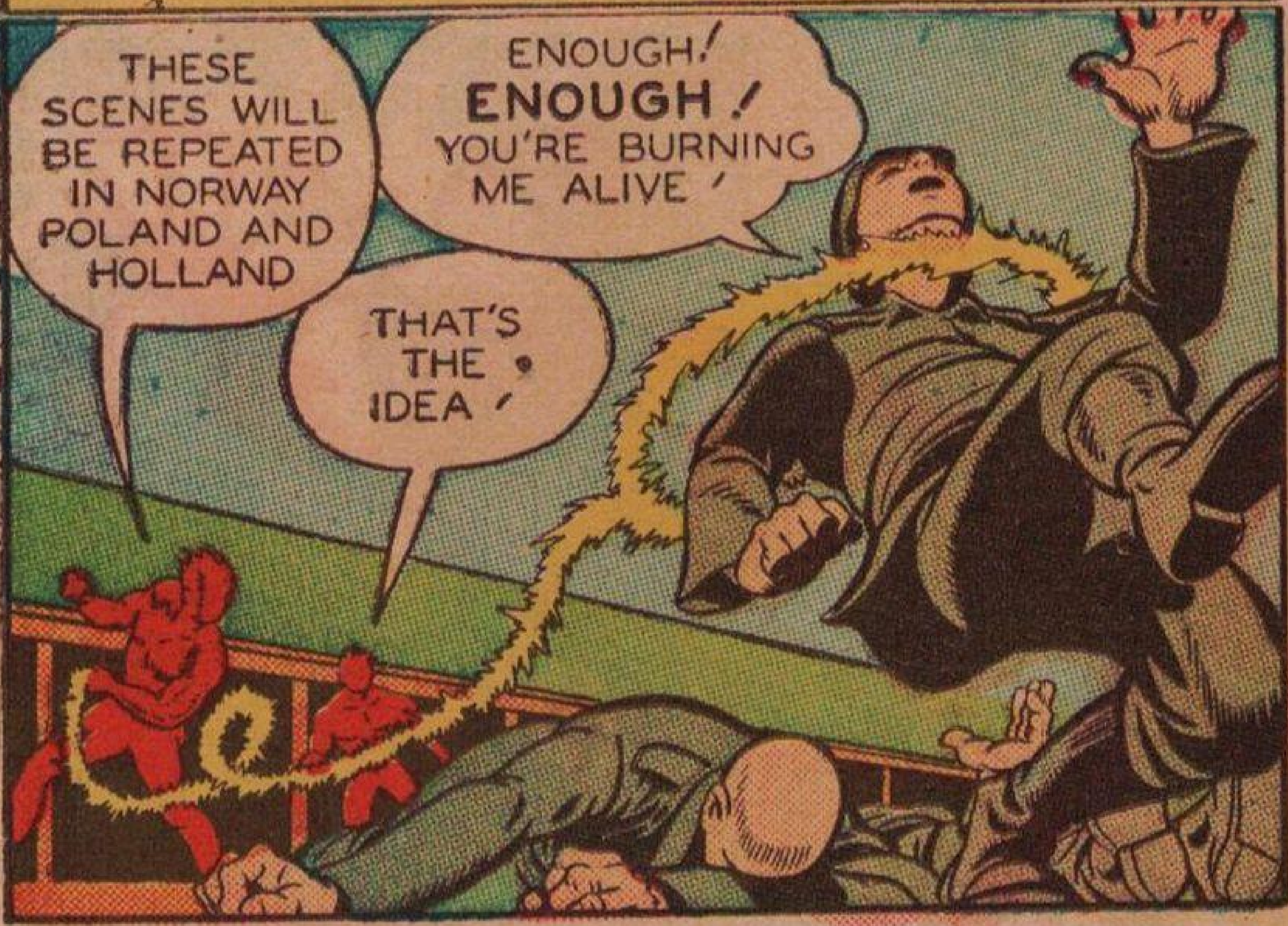
BURSTING INTO THE UNDERGROUND'S HEADQUARTERS AN EXCITED FRENCHMAN BRINGS NEWS---


JULES! THE NAZIS ARE USING MACHINE GUNS ON OUR PEOPLE.. ..AT LE HAVRE PIER.. AND-
SEE, GENTLEMEN! MORE BLOOD LETTING!
LE HAVRE, PIER? COME ON, TORO! SEE YOU LATER, JULES!

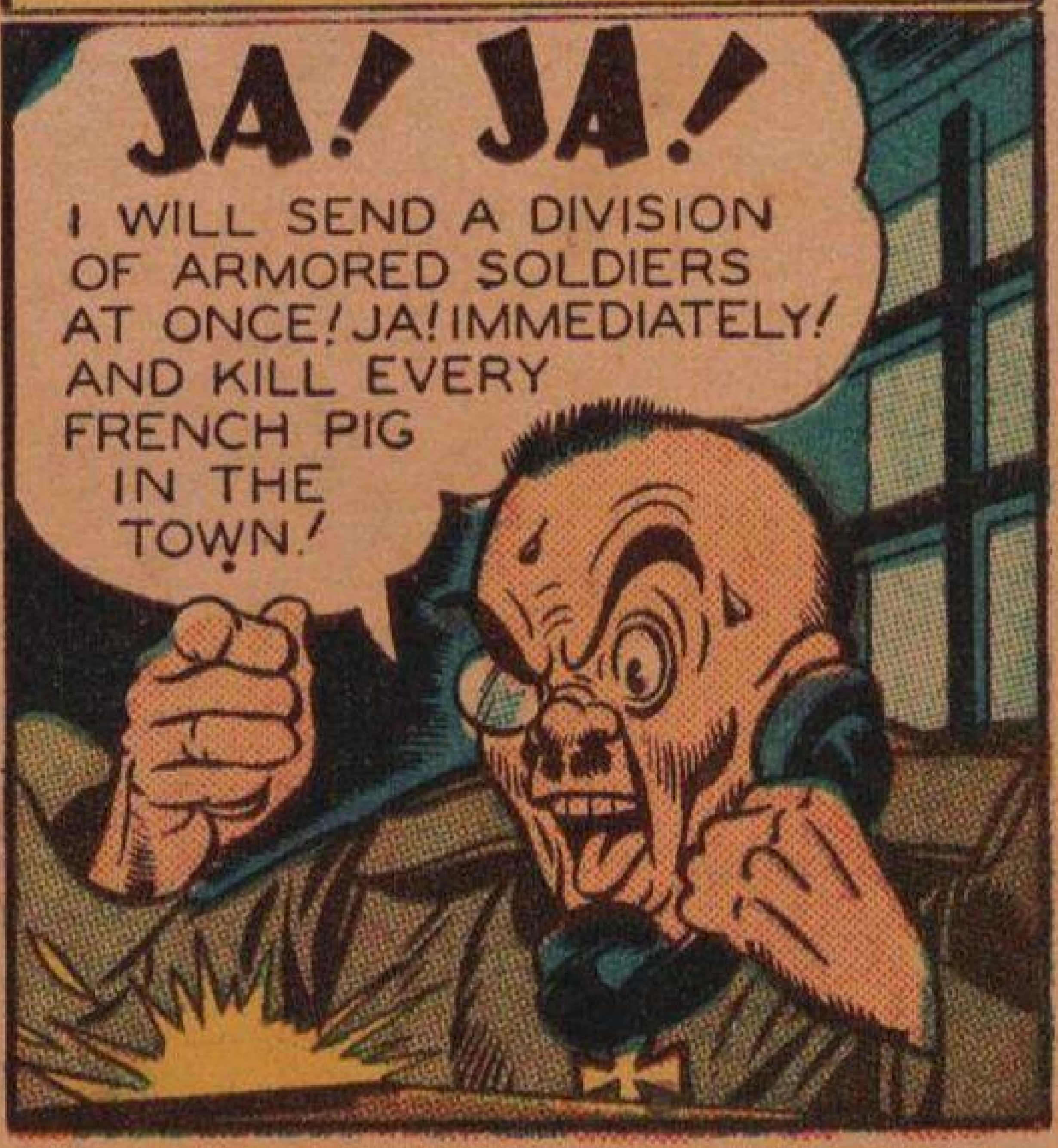
MOMENTS LATER


THAT'LL JUST BE THE ENTREE!
IT'S TORCH AND TORO FROM AMERICA!
LET'S GIVE THEM SOMETHING HOT TO FEAST ON...
THEIR BODIES MELT OUR BULLETS!

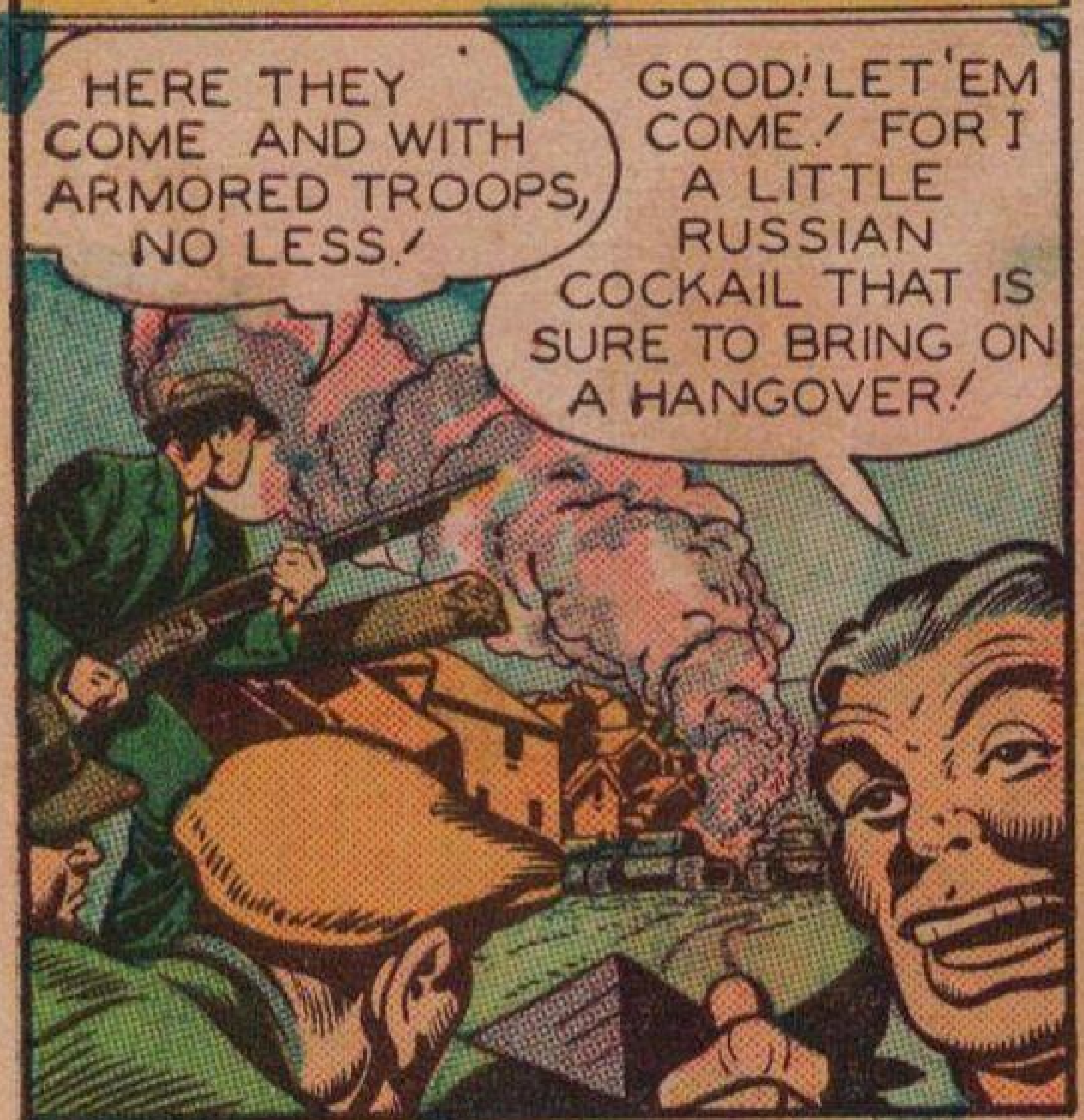
RUTHLESSLY TORCH AND TORO COW THE MERCILESS BRUTES--


THESE SCENES WILL BE REPEATED IN NORWAY POLAND AND HOLLAND
ENOUGH! ENOUGH! YOU'RE BURNING ME ALIVE!
THAT'S THE IDEA!

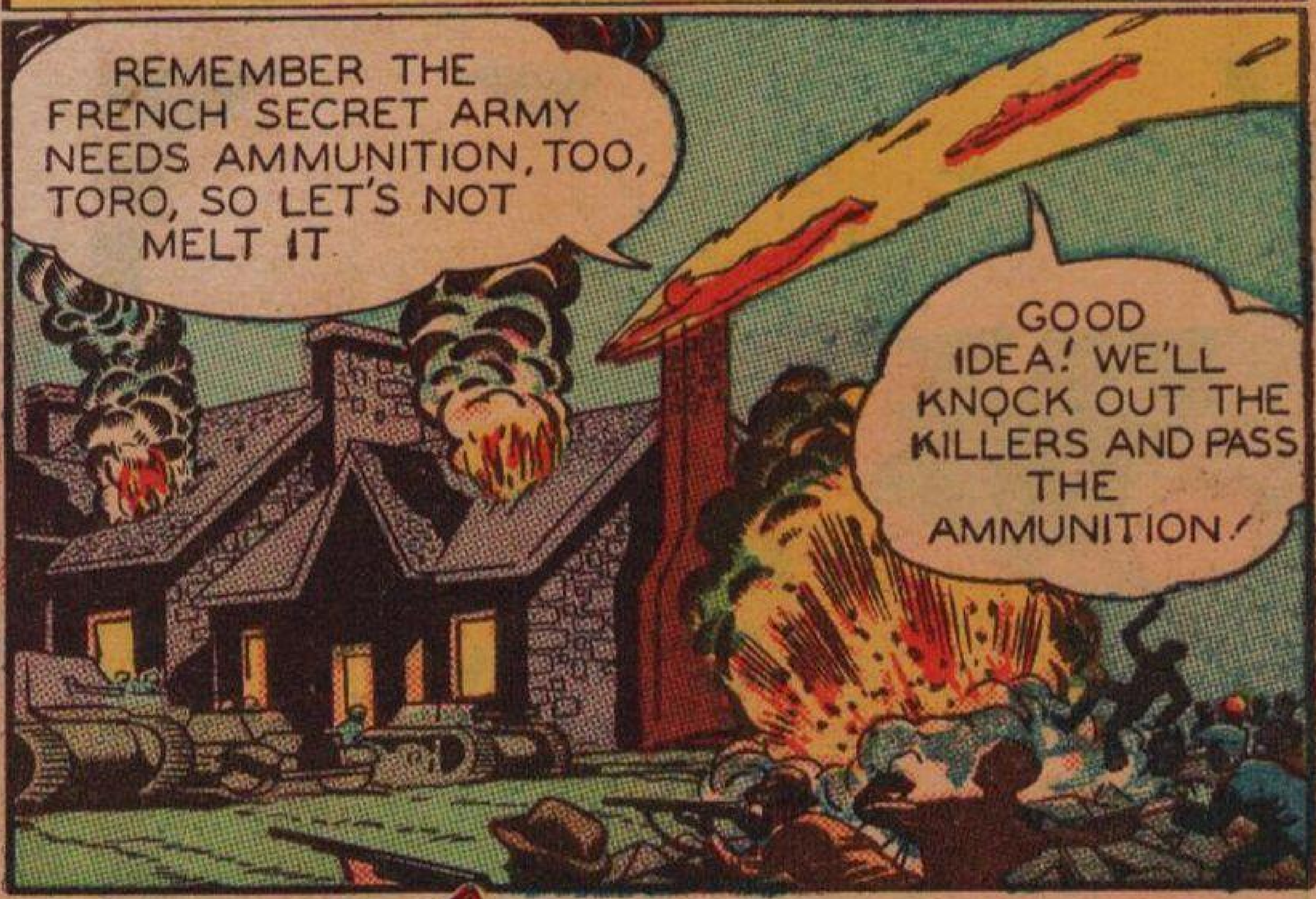
ORDERS ARE RECIEVED BY THE OFFICER OF THE LOCAL GESTAPO

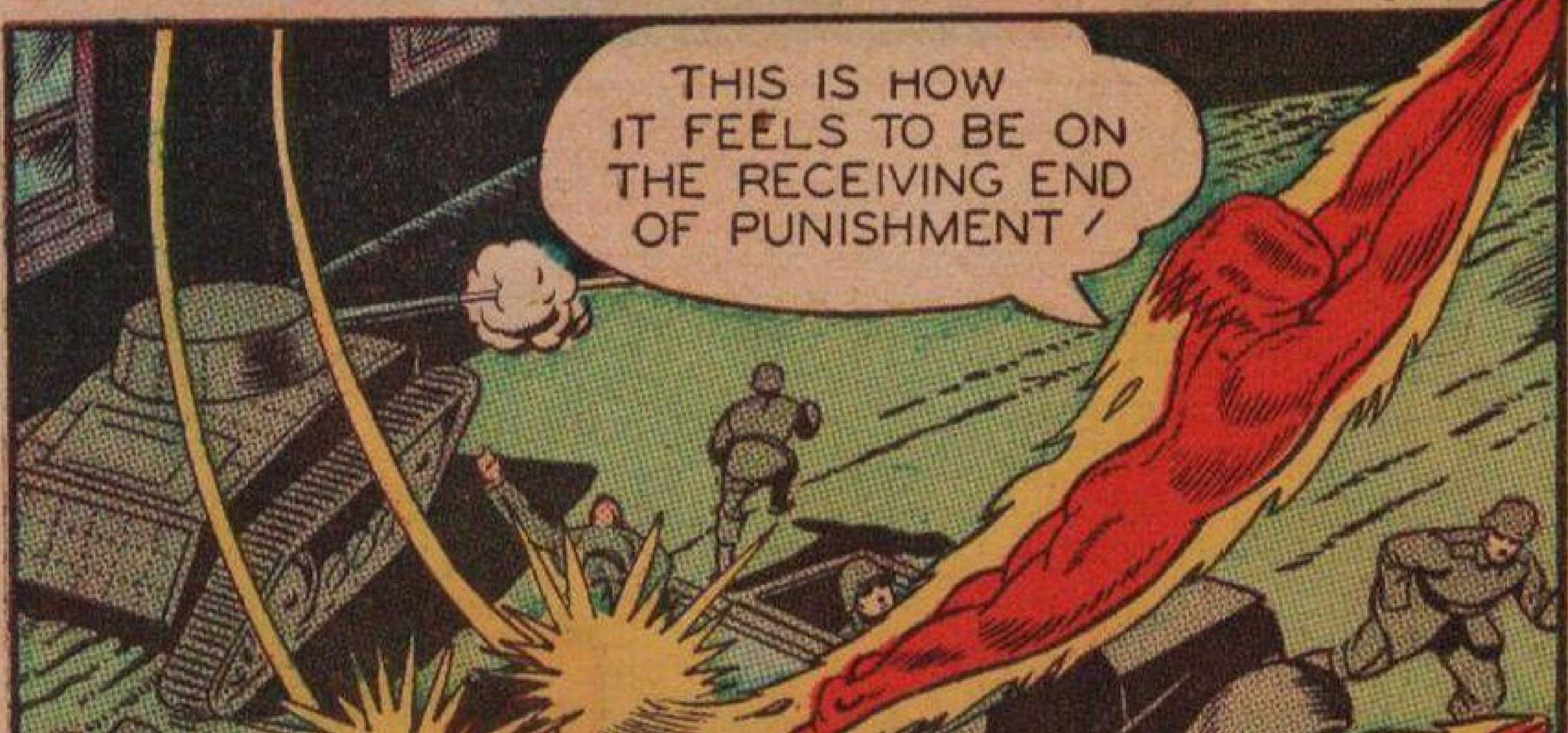

JA! JA! I WILL SEND A DIVISION OF ARMORED SOLDIERS AT ONCE! JA! IMMEDIATELY! AND KILL EVERY FRENCH PIG IN THE TOWN!

BARRICADES HASTILY BUILT IN THE STREET ARE MANNED BY FRENCH PATRIOTS!

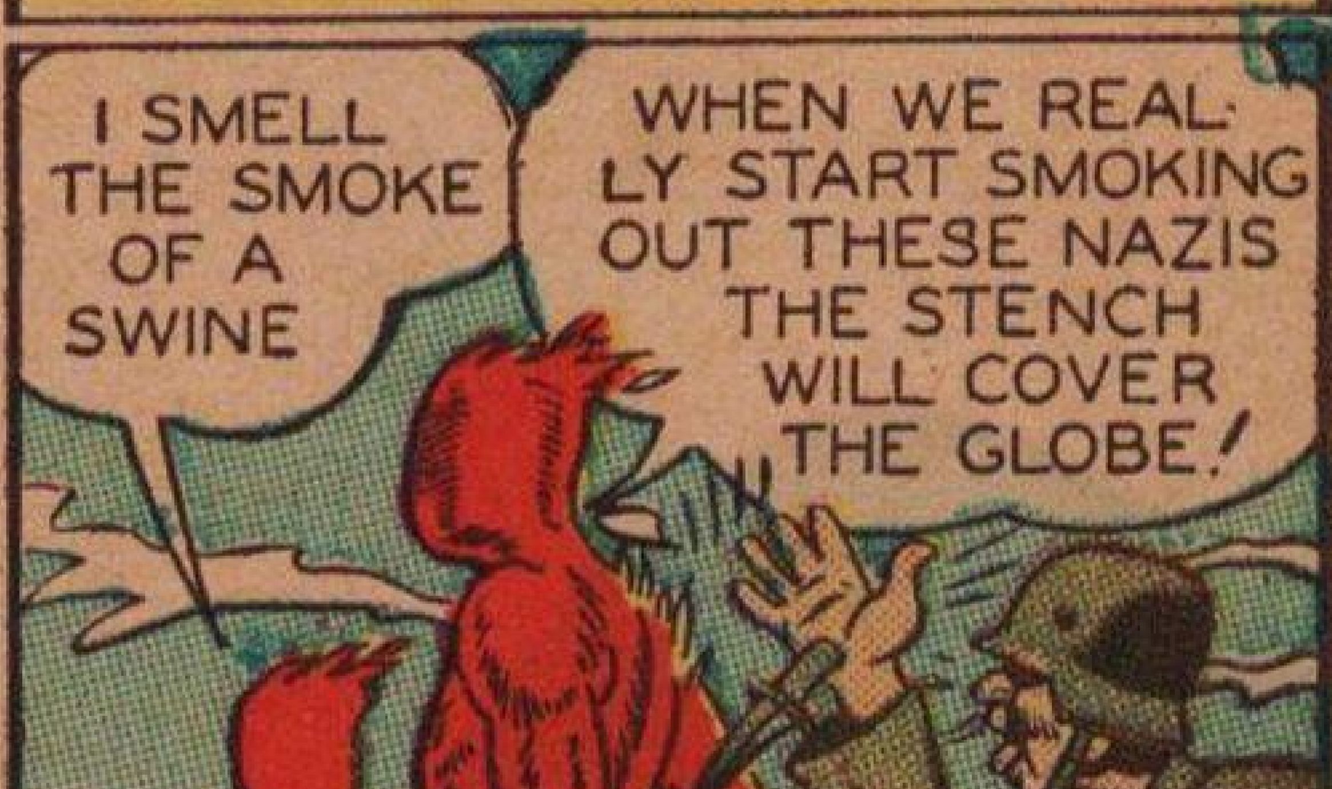

HERE THEY COME AND WITH ARMORED TROOPS, NO LESS!
GOOD! LET'EM COME! FOR I A LITTLE RUSSIAN COCKAIL THAT IS SURE TO BRING ON A HANGOVER!

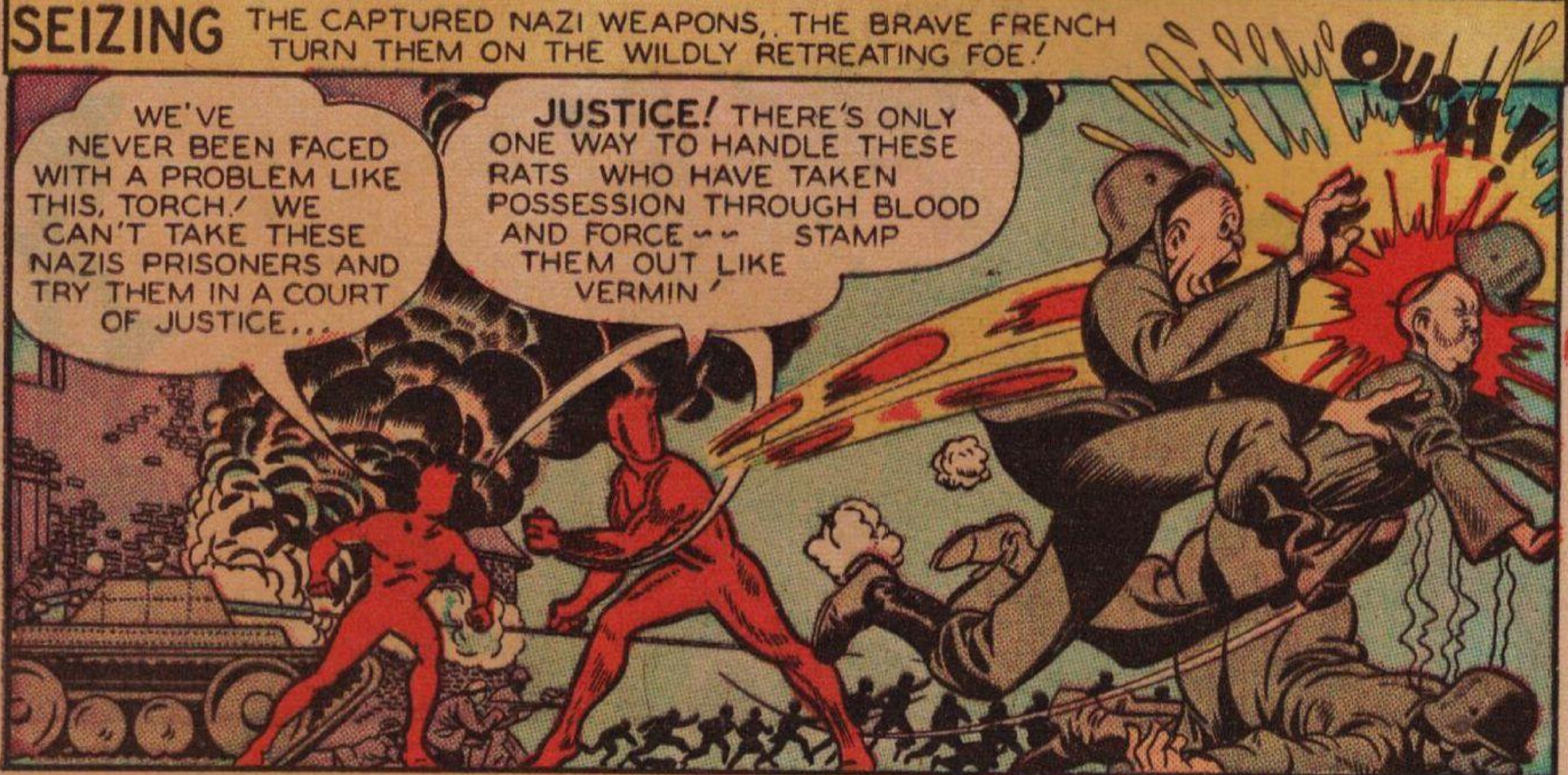
FIGHTING IN THE STREETS HAS NOW BECOME AN OPEN REVOLT AS NAZI REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE --BUT...

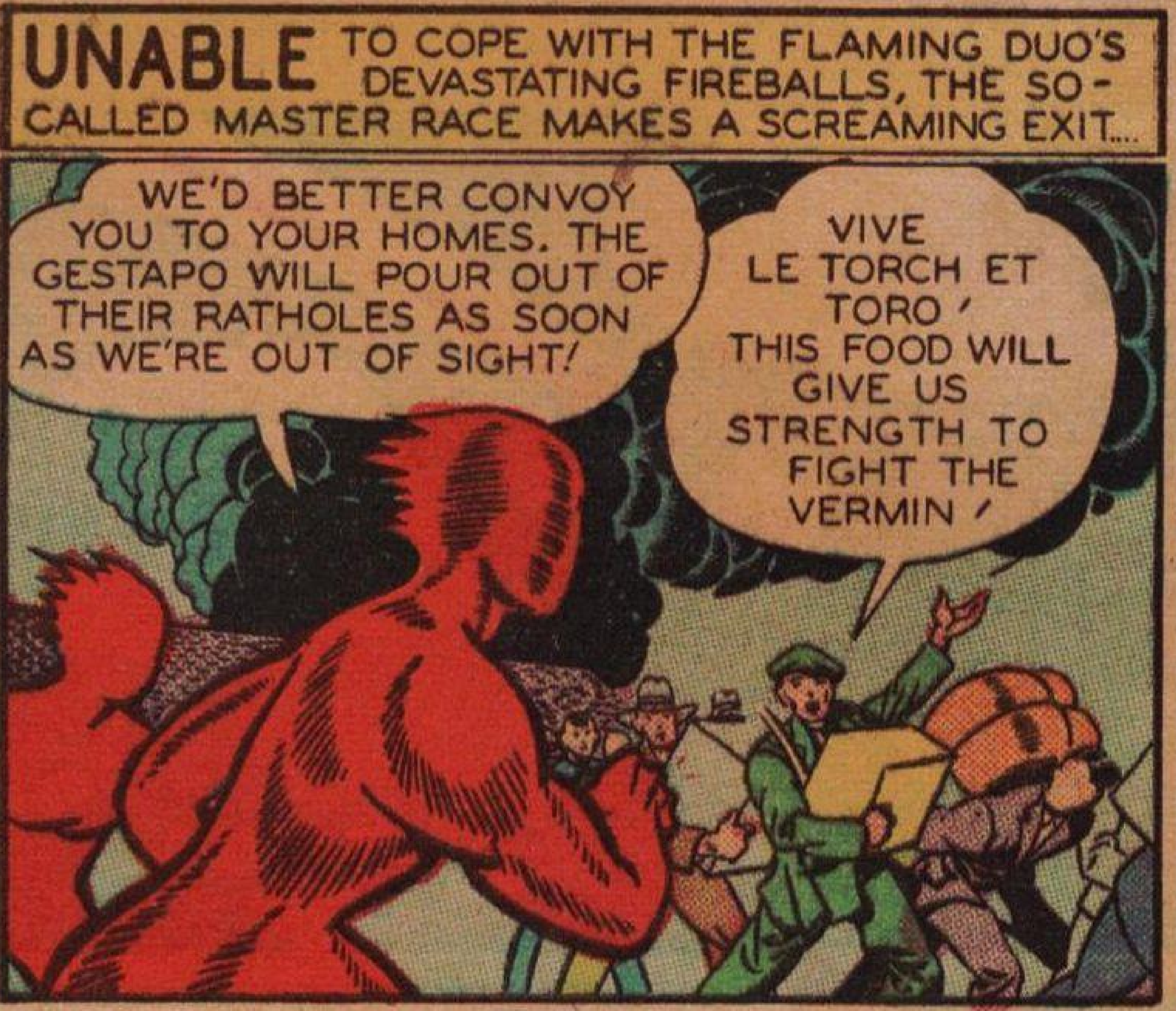

REMEMBER THE FRENCH SECRET ARMY NEEDS AMMUNITION, TOO, TORO, SO LET'S NOT MELT IT
GOOD IDEA! WE'LL KNOCK OUT THE KILLERS AND PASS THE AMMUNITION!

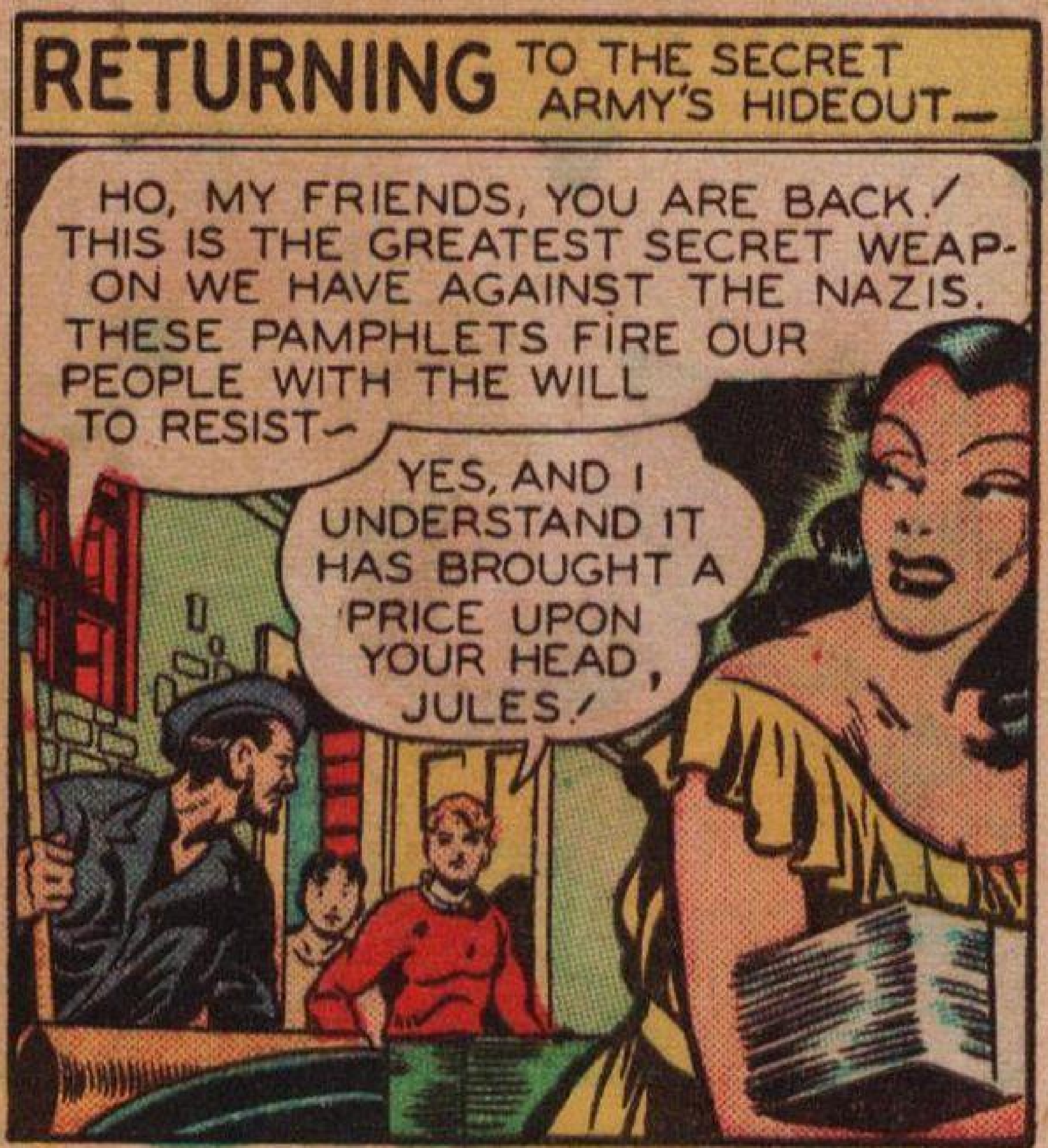

THIS IS HOW IT FEELS TO BE ON THE RECEIVING END OF PUNISHMENT!

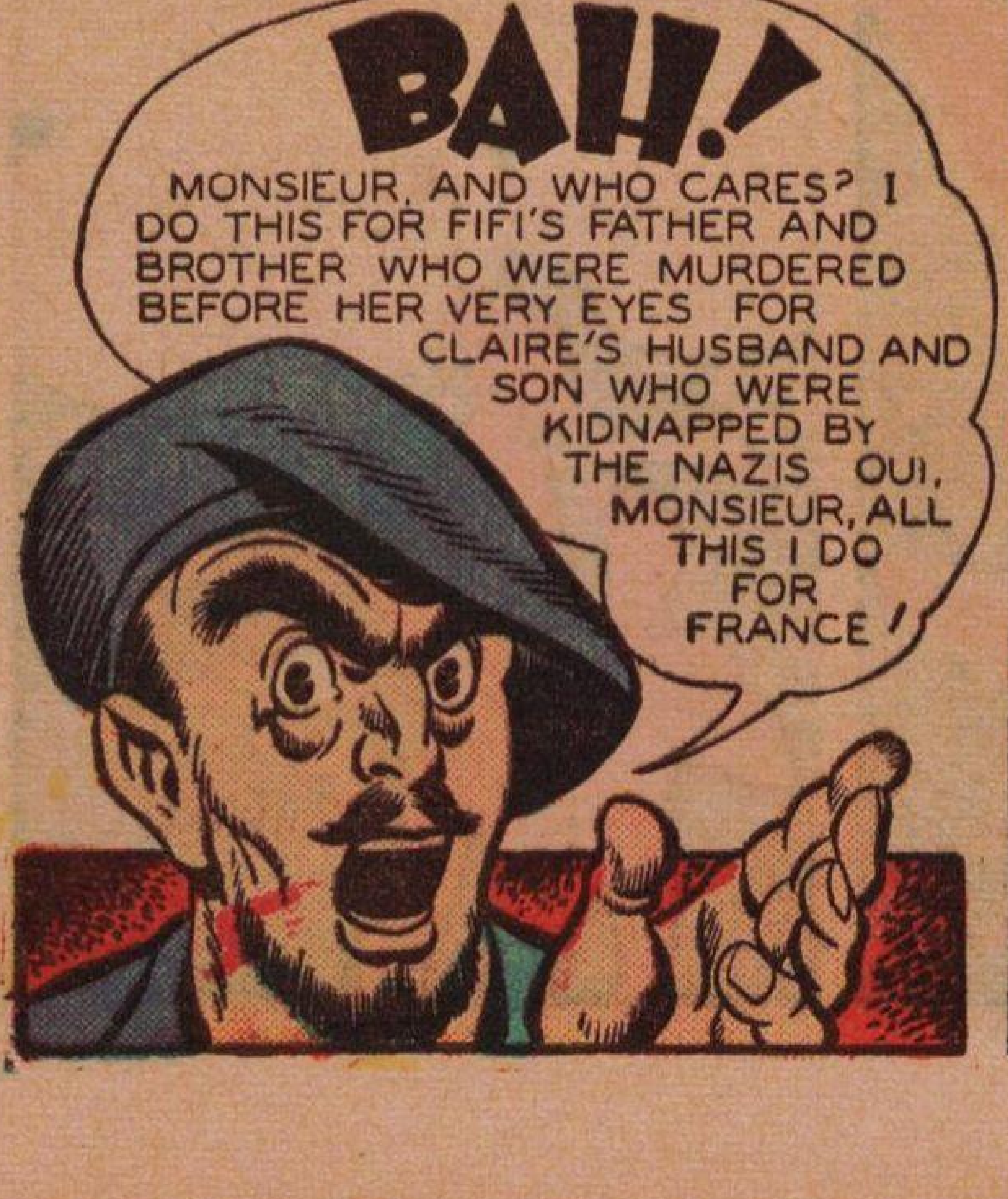
SNEAKING UP FROM BEHIND TO ATTACK, A NAZI GETS BURNT—

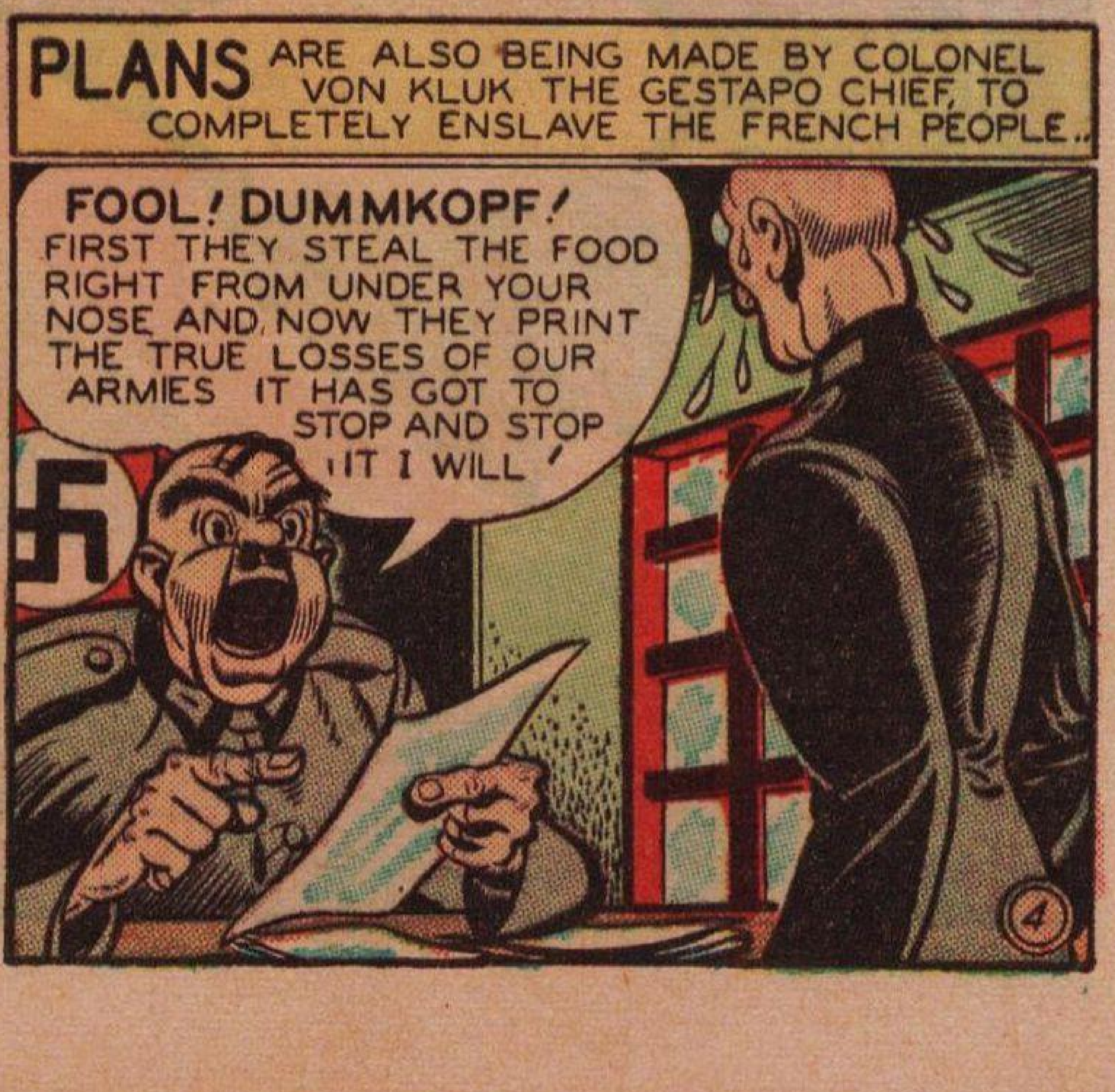

I SMELL THE SMOKE OF A SWINE
WHEN WE REALLY START SMOKING OUT THESE NAZIS THE STENCH WILL COVER THE GLOBE!
3

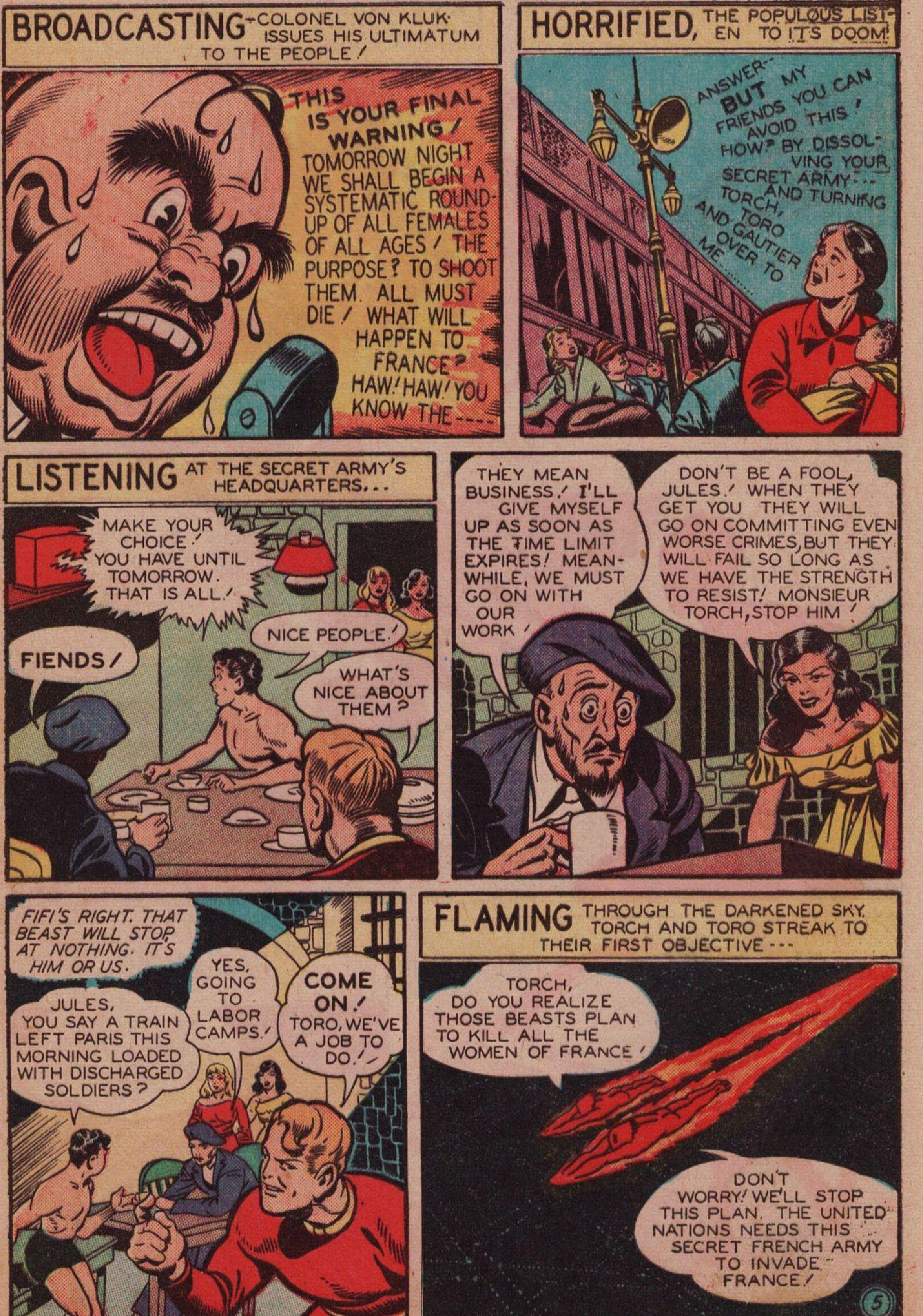

SEIZING THE CAPTURED NAZI WEAPONS, THE BRAVE FRENCH TURN THEM ON THE WILDLY RETREATING FOE!
WE'VE NEVER BEEN FACED WITH A PROBLEM LIKE THIS, TORCH! WE CAN'T TAKE THESE NAZIS PRISONERS AND TRY THEM IN A COURT OF JUSTICE...
JUSTICE! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE THESE RATS WHO HAVE TAKEN POSSESSION THROUGH BLOOD AND FORCE -- STAMP THEM OUT LIKE VERMIN!
OUCH!

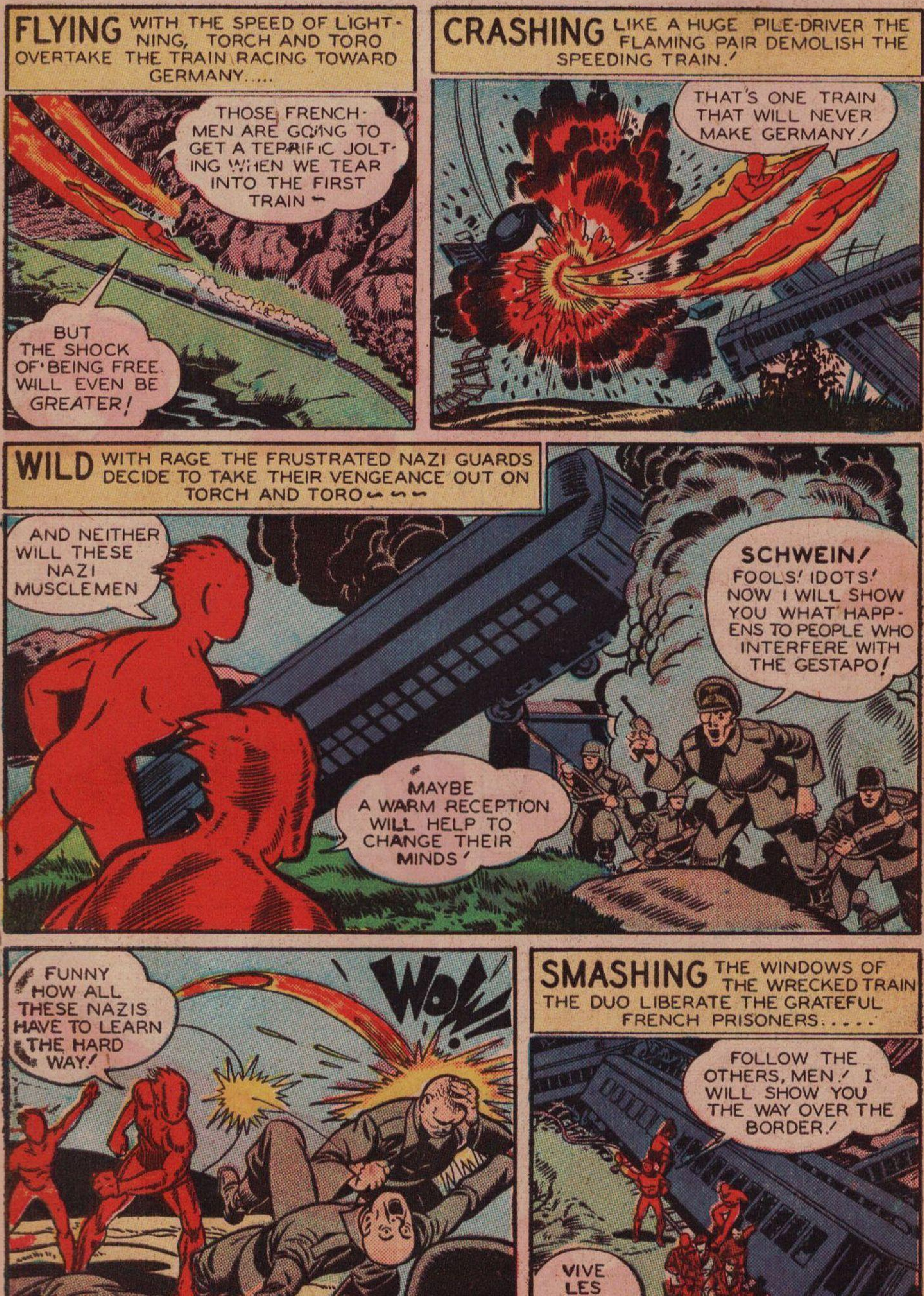

UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE FLAMING DUO'S DEVASTATING FIREBALLS, THE SO-CALLED MASTER RACE MAKES A SCREAMING EXIT...
WE'D BETTER CONVOY YOU TO YOUR HOMES. THE GESTAPO WILL POUR OUT OF THEIR RATHOLES AS SOON AS WE'RE OUT OF SIGHT!
VIVE LE TORCH ET TORO! THIS FOOD WILL GIVE US STRENGTH TO FIGHT THE VERMIN!

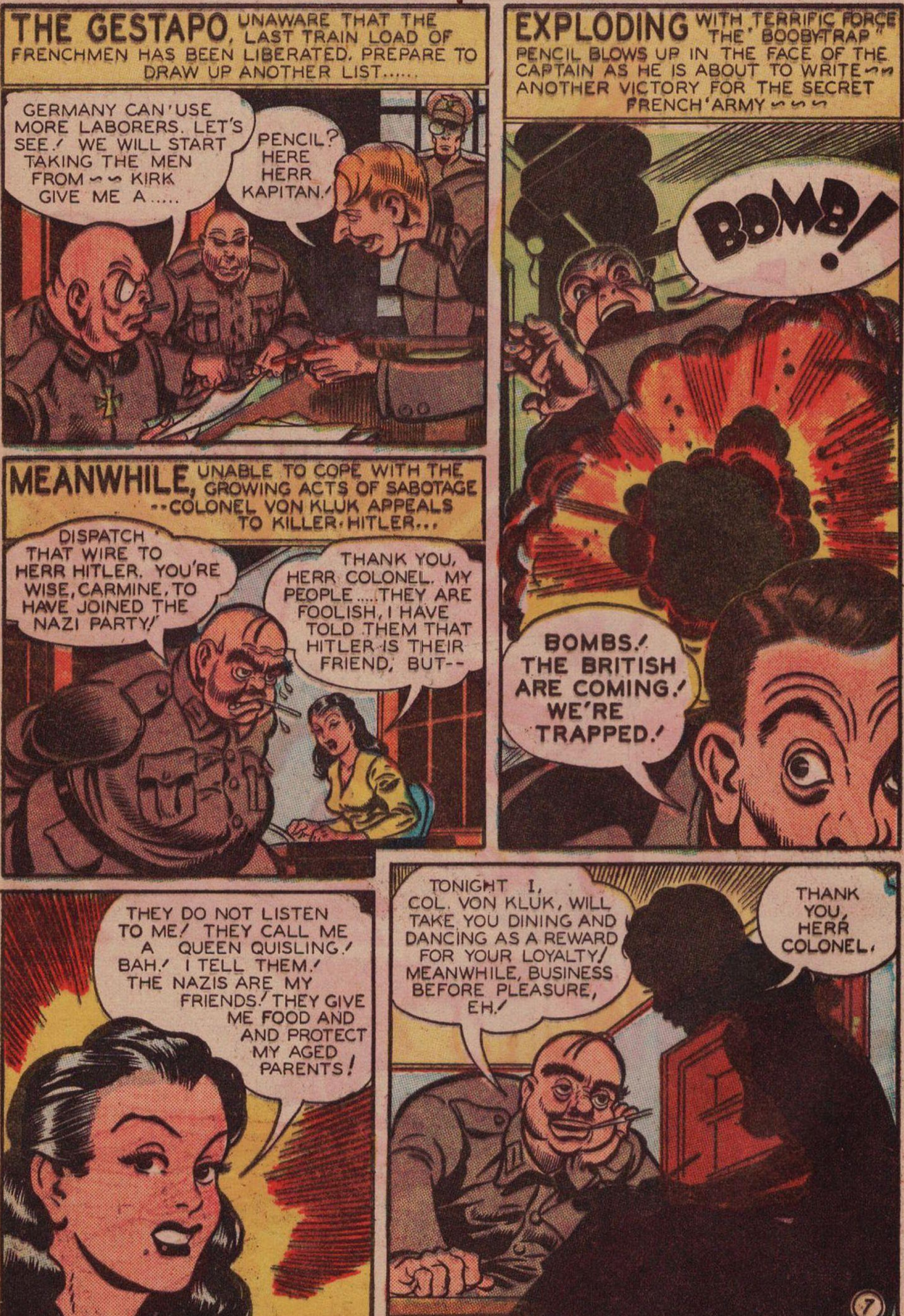

RETURNING TO THE SECRET ARMY'S HIDEOUT—
HO, MY FRIENDS, YOU ARE BACK! THIS IS THE GREATEST SECRET WEAPON WE HAVE AGAINST THE NAZIS. THESE PAMPHLETS FIRE OUR PEOPLE WITH THE WILL TO RESIST—
YES, AND I UNDERSTAND IT HAS BROUGHT A PRICE UPON YOUR HEAD, JULES!

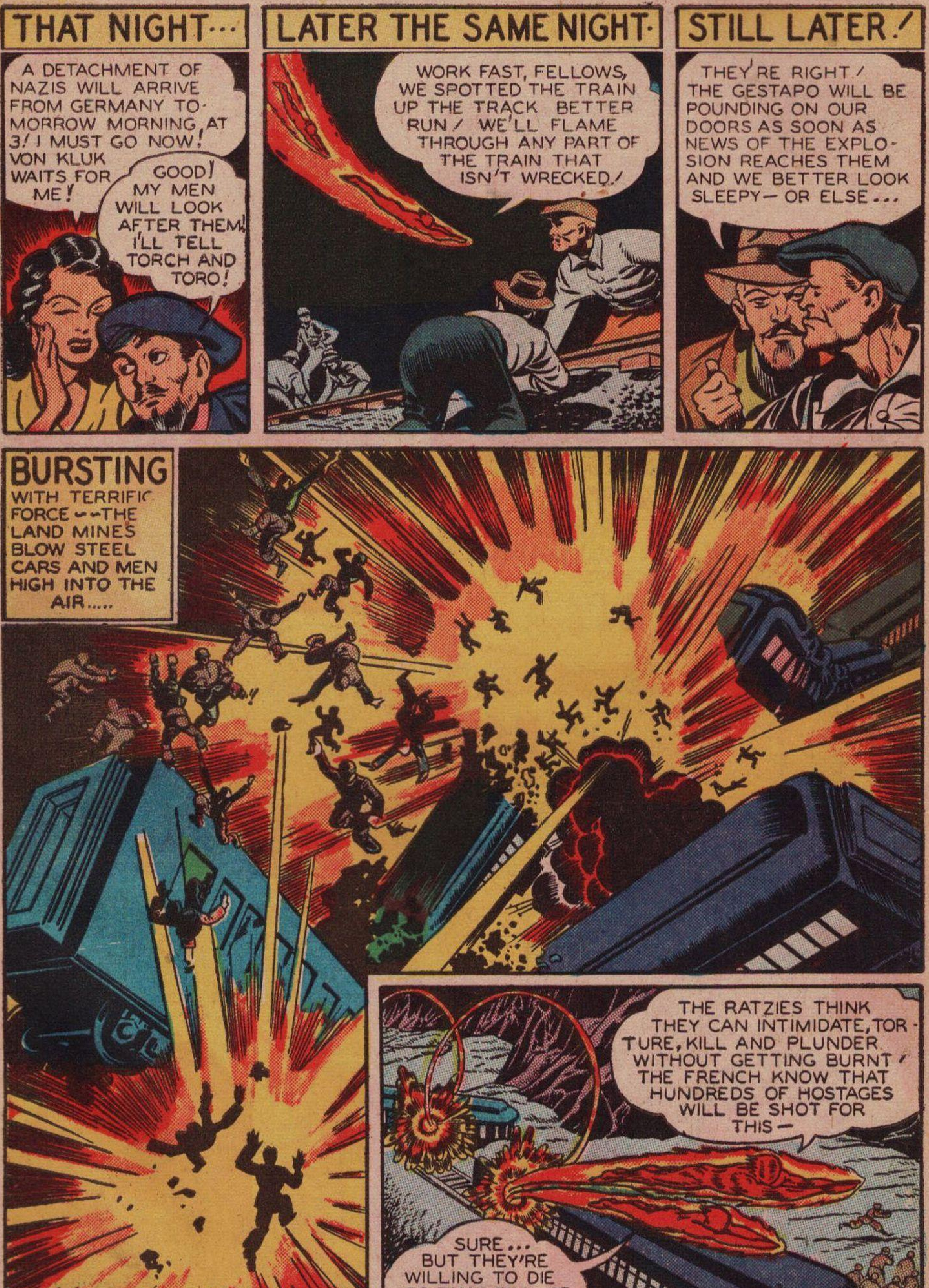

BAH!
MONSIEUR, AND WHO CARES? I DO THIS FOR FIFI'S FATHER AND BROTHER WHO WERE MURDERED BEFORE HER VERY EYES FOR CLAIRE'S HUSBAND AND SON WHO WERE KIDNAPPED BY THE NAZIS OUI, MONSIEUR, ALL THIS I DO FOR FRANCE!

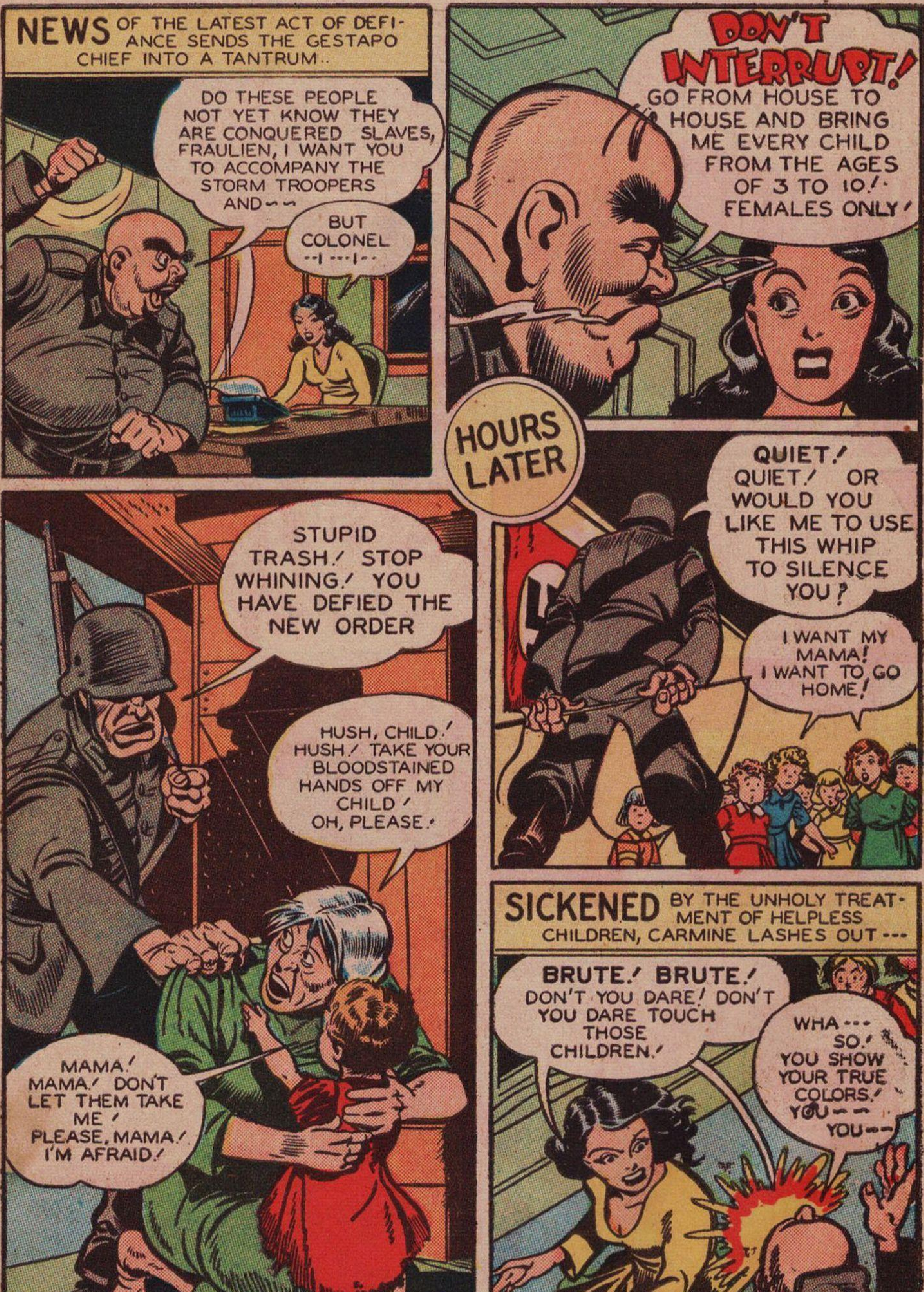

PLANS ARE ALSO BEING MADE BY COLONEL VON KLUK THE GESTAPO CHIEF, TO COMPLETELY ENSLAVE THE FRENCH PEOPLE..
FOOL! DUMMKOPF! FIRST THEY STEAL THE FOOD RIGHT FROM UNDER YOUR NOSE AND NOW THEY PRINT THE TRUE LOSSES OF OUR ARMIES IT HAS GOT TO STOP AND STOP IT I WILL!

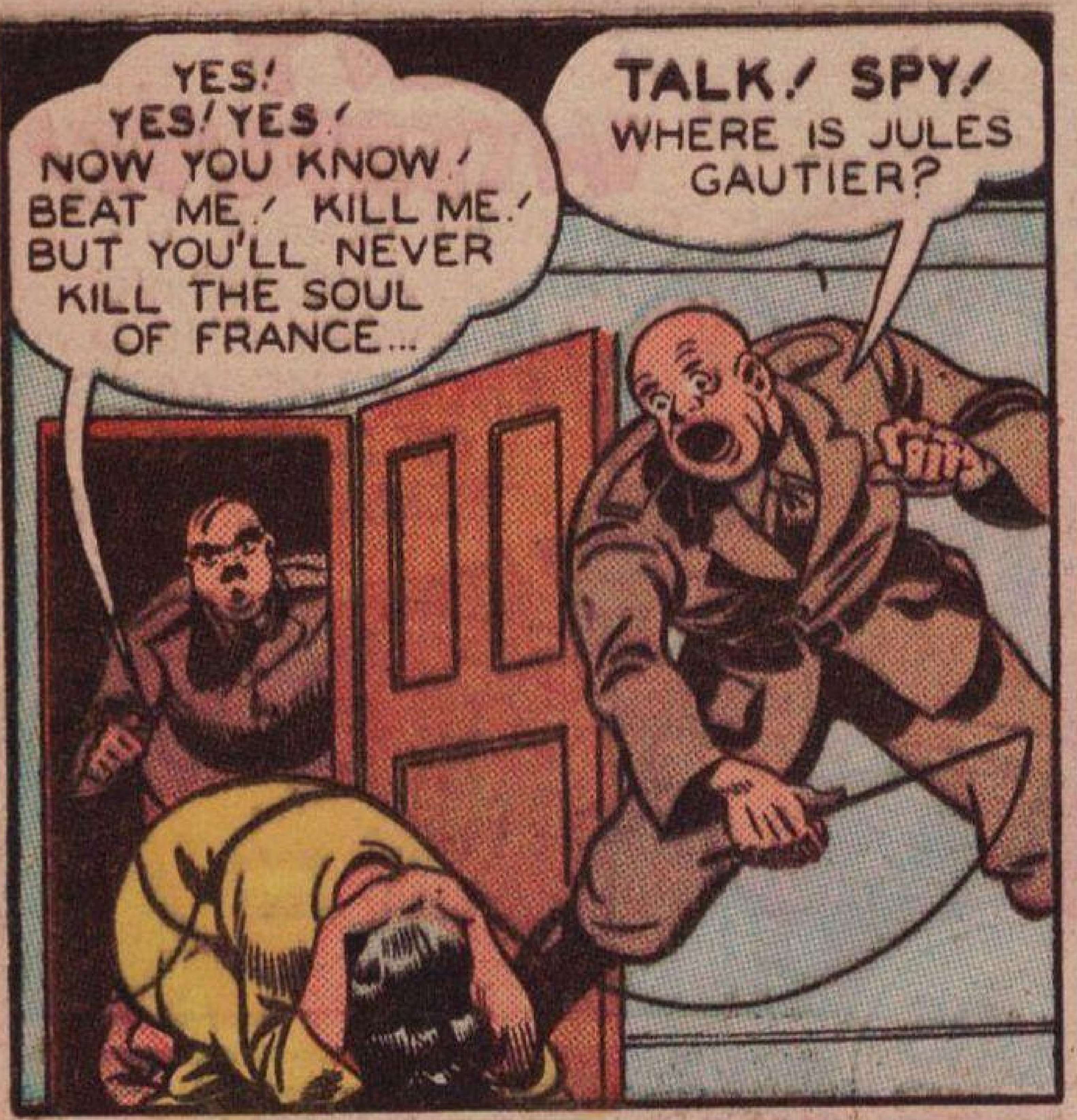

BROADCASTING—COLONEL VON KLUK ISSUES HIS ULTIMATUM TO THE PEOPLE!
THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING! TOMORROW NIGHT WE SHALL BEGIN A SYSTEMATIC ROUND-UP OF ALL FEMALES OF ALL AGES! THE PURPOSE? TO SHOOT THEM. ALL MUST DIE! WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO FRANCE? HAW! HAW! YOU KNOW THE---
HORRIFIED, THE POPULOUS LISTEN TO IT'S DOOM!
ANSWER-- BUT MY FRIENDS YOU CAN AVOID THIS! HOW? BY DISSOLVING YOUR SECRET ARMY--- AND TURNING TORCH, TORO AND GAUTIER OVER TO ME......
LISTENING AT THE SECRET ARMY'S HEADQUARTERS...
MAKE YOUR CHOICE! YOU HAVE UNTIL TOMORROW. THAT IS ALL!
FIENDS!
NICE PEOPLE!
WHAT'S NICE ABOUT THEM?
THEY MEAN BUSINESS! I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP AS SOON AS THE TIME LIMIT EXPIRES! MEANWHILE, WE MUST GO ON WITH OUR WORK!
DON'T BE A FOOL, JULES! WHEN THEY GET YOU THEY WILL GO ON COMMITTING EVEN WORSE CRIMES, BUT THEY WILL FAIL SO LONG AS WE HAVE THE STRENGTH TO RESIST! MONSIEUR TORCH, STOP HIM!
FIFI'S RIGHT. THAT BEAST WILL STOP AT NOTHING. IT'S HIM OR US.
JULES, YOU SAY A TRAIN LEFT PARIS THIS MORNING LOADED WITH DISCHARGED SOLDIERS?
YES, GOING TO LABOR CAMPS!
COME ON! TORO, WE'VE A JOB TO DO!
FLAMING THROUGH THE DARKENED SKY, TORCH AND TORO STREAK TO THEIR FIRST OBJECTIVE---
TORCH, DO YOU REALIZE THOSE BEASTS PLAN TO KILL ALL THE WOMEN OF FRANCE!
DON'T WORRY! WE'LL STOP THIS PLAN. THE UNITED NATIONS NEEDS THIS SECRET FRENCH ARMY TO INVADE FRANCE!

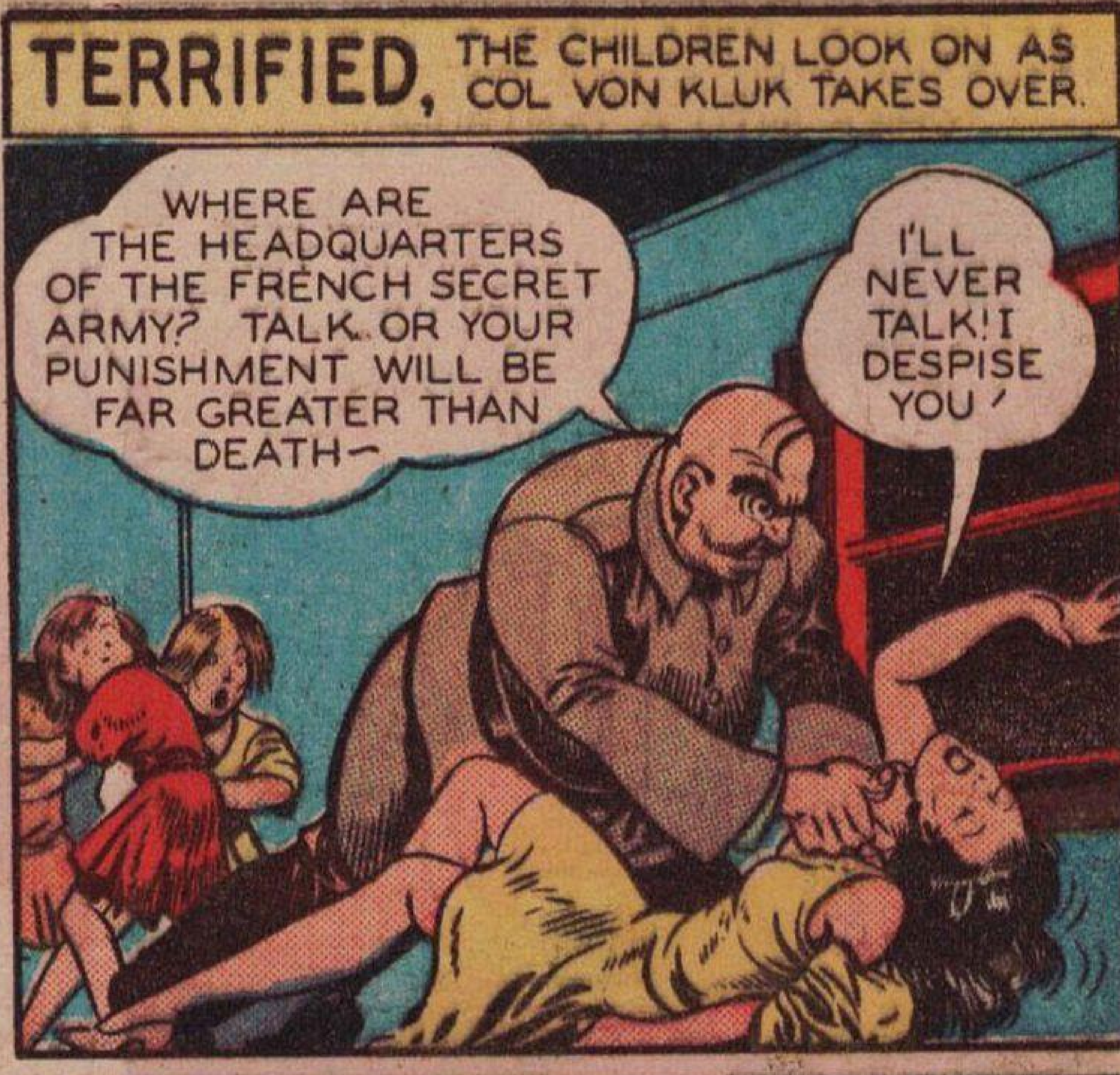

FLYING WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, TORCH AND TORO OVERTAKE THE TRAIN RACING TOWARD GERMANY.....
THOSE FRENCHMEN ARE GOING TO GET A TERRIFIC JOLTING WHEN WE TEAR INTO THE FIRST TRAIN —
BUT THE SHOCK OF BEING FREE WILL EVEN BE GREATER!
CRASHING LIKE A HUGE PILE-DRIVER THE FLAMING PAIR DEMOLISH THE SPEEDING TRAIN!
THAT'S ONE TRAIN THAT WILL NEVER MAKE GERMANY!
WILD WITH RAGE THE FRUSTRATED NAZI GUARDS DECIDE TO TAKE THEIR VENGEANCE OUT ON TORCH AND TORO———
AND NEITHER WILL THESE NAZI MUSCLEMEN
SCHWEIN! FOOLS! IDOTS! NOW I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO INTERFERE WITH THE GESTAPO!
MAYBE A WARM RECEPTION WILL HELP TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS!
FUNNY HOW ALL THESE NAZIS HAVE TO LEARN THE HARD WAY!
WOW!
SMASHING THE WINDOWS OF THE WRECKED TRAIN THE DUO LIBERATE THE GRATEFUL FRENCH PRISONERS....
FOLLOW THE OTHERS, MEN! I WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY OVER THE BORDER!
VIVE LES TORCH ET TORO!

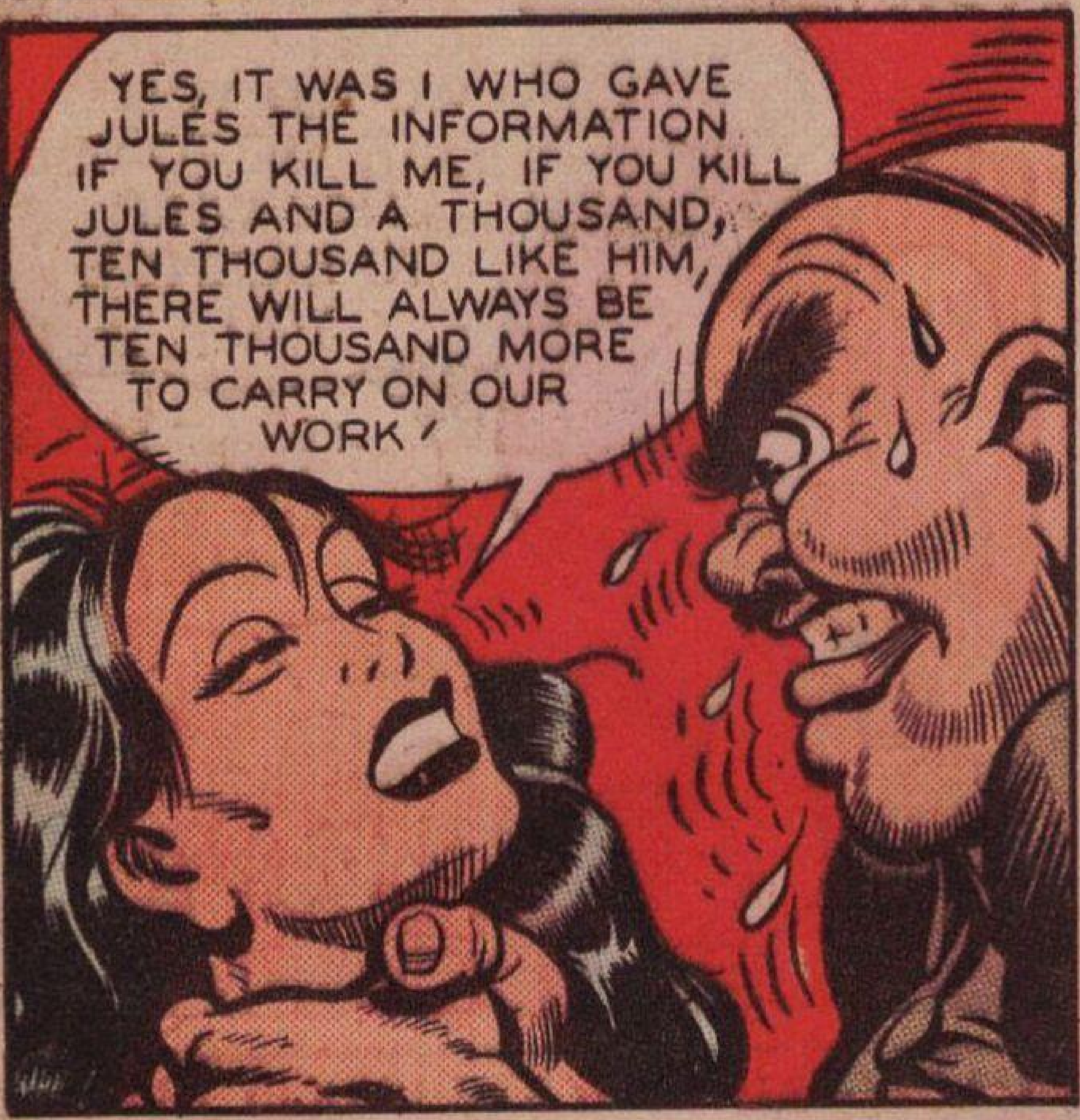

THE GESTAPO, UNAWARE THAT THE LAST TRAIN LOAD OF FRENCHMEN HAS BEEN LIBERATED, PREPARE TO DRAW UP ANOTHER LIST......
GERMANY CAN'USE MORE LABORERS. LET'S SEE.! WE WILL START TAKING THE MEN FROM ~~ KIRK GIVE ME A.....
PENCIL? HERE HERR KAPITAN.!
EXPLODING WITH TERRIFIC FORCE THE' BOOBY-TRAP" PENCIL BLOWS UP IN THE FACE OF THE CAPTAIN AS HE IS ABOUT TO WRITE ~~ ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE SECRET FRENCH'ARMY ~~~
BOMB!
BOMBS.! THE BRITISH ARE COMING.! WE'RE TRAPPED.!
MEANWHILE, UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE GROWING ACTS OF SABOTAGE --COLONEL VON KLUK APPEALS TO KILLER-HITLER...
DISPATCH THAT WIRE TO HERR HITLER. YOU'RE WISE, CARMINE, TO HAVE JOINED THE NAZI PARTY!
THANK YOU, HERR COLONEL. MY PEOPLE.....THEY ARE FOOLISH, I HAVE TOLD THEM THAT HITLER IS THEIR FRIEND, BUT--
THEY DO NOT LISTEN TO ME! THEY CALL ME A QUEEN QUISLING.! BAH.! I TELL THEM.! THE NAZIS ARE MY FRIENDS.! THEY GIVE ME FOOD AND AND PROTECT MY AGED PARENTS!
TONIGHT I, COL. VON KLUK, WILL TAKE YOU DINING AND DANCING AS A REWARD FOR YOUR LOYALTY! MEANWHILE, BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE, EH.!
THANK YOU, HERR COLONEL.

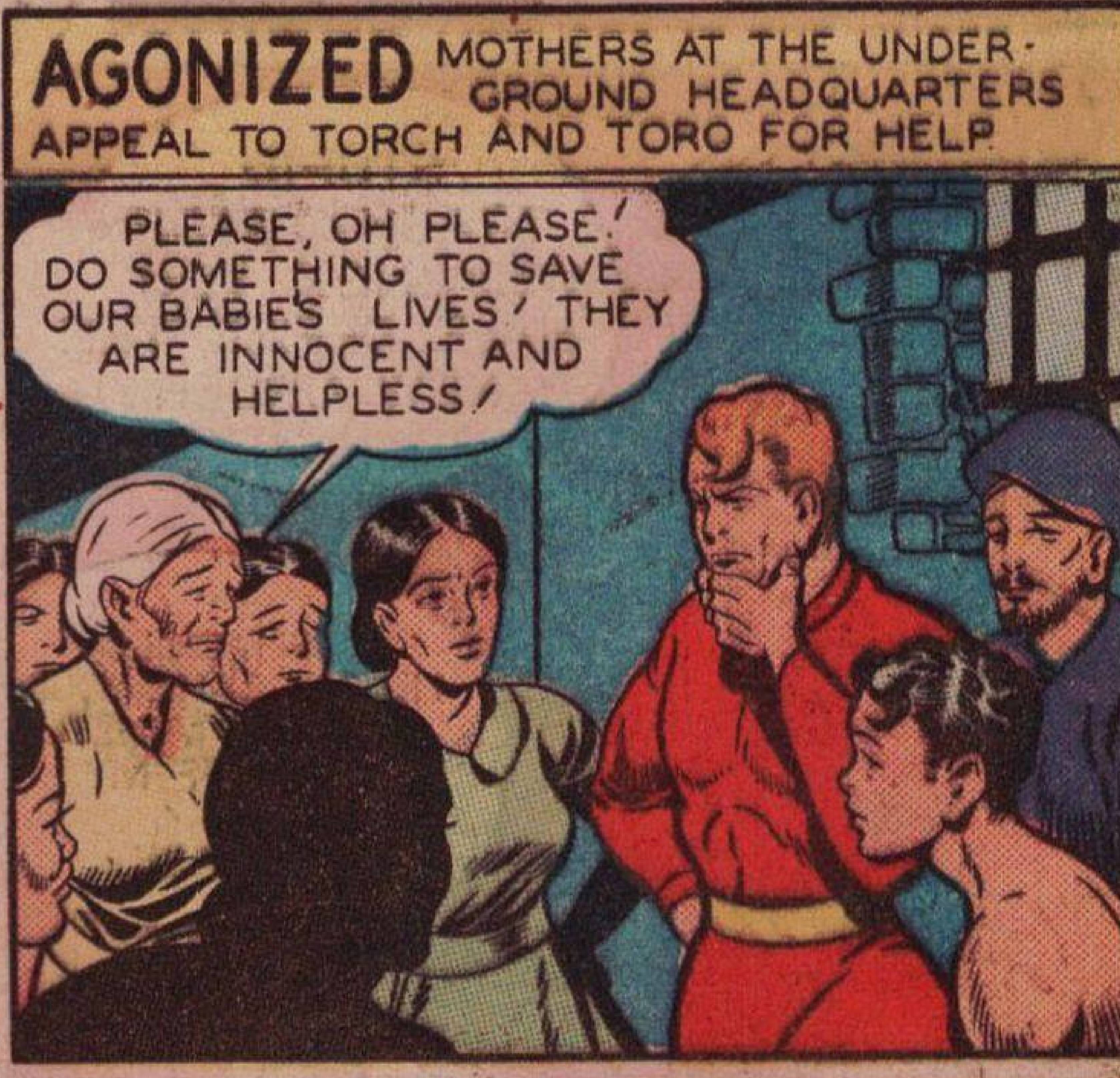

THAT NIGHT...
A DETACHMENT OF NAZIS WILL ARRIVE FROM GERMANY TOMORROW MORNING AT 3! I MUST GO NOW! VON KLUK WAITS FOR ME!
GOOD! MY MEN WILL LOOK AFTER THEM! I'LL TELL TORCH AND TORO!
LATER THE SAME NIGHT·
WORK FAST, FELLOWS, WE SPOTTED THE TRAIN UP THE TRACK BETTER RUN! WE'LL FLAME THROUGH ANY PART OF THE TRAIN THAT ISN'T WRECKED!
STILL LATER!
THEY'RE RIGHT! THE GESTAPO WILL BE POUNDING ON OUR DOORS AS SOON AS NEWS OF THE EXPLOSION REACHES THEM AND WE BETTER LOOK SLEEPY— OR ELSE...
BURSTING WITH TERRIFIC FORCE --THE LAND MINES BLOW STEEL CARS AND MEN HIGH INTO THE AIR.....
THE RATZIES THINK THEY CAN INTIMIDATE, TORTURE, KILL AND PLUNDER WITHOUT GETTING BURNT! THE FRENCH KNOW THAT HUNDREDS OF HOSTAGES WILL BE SHOT FOR THIS—
SURE... BUT THEY'RE WILLING TO DIE SO THAT FRANCE MAY LIVE AGAIN!

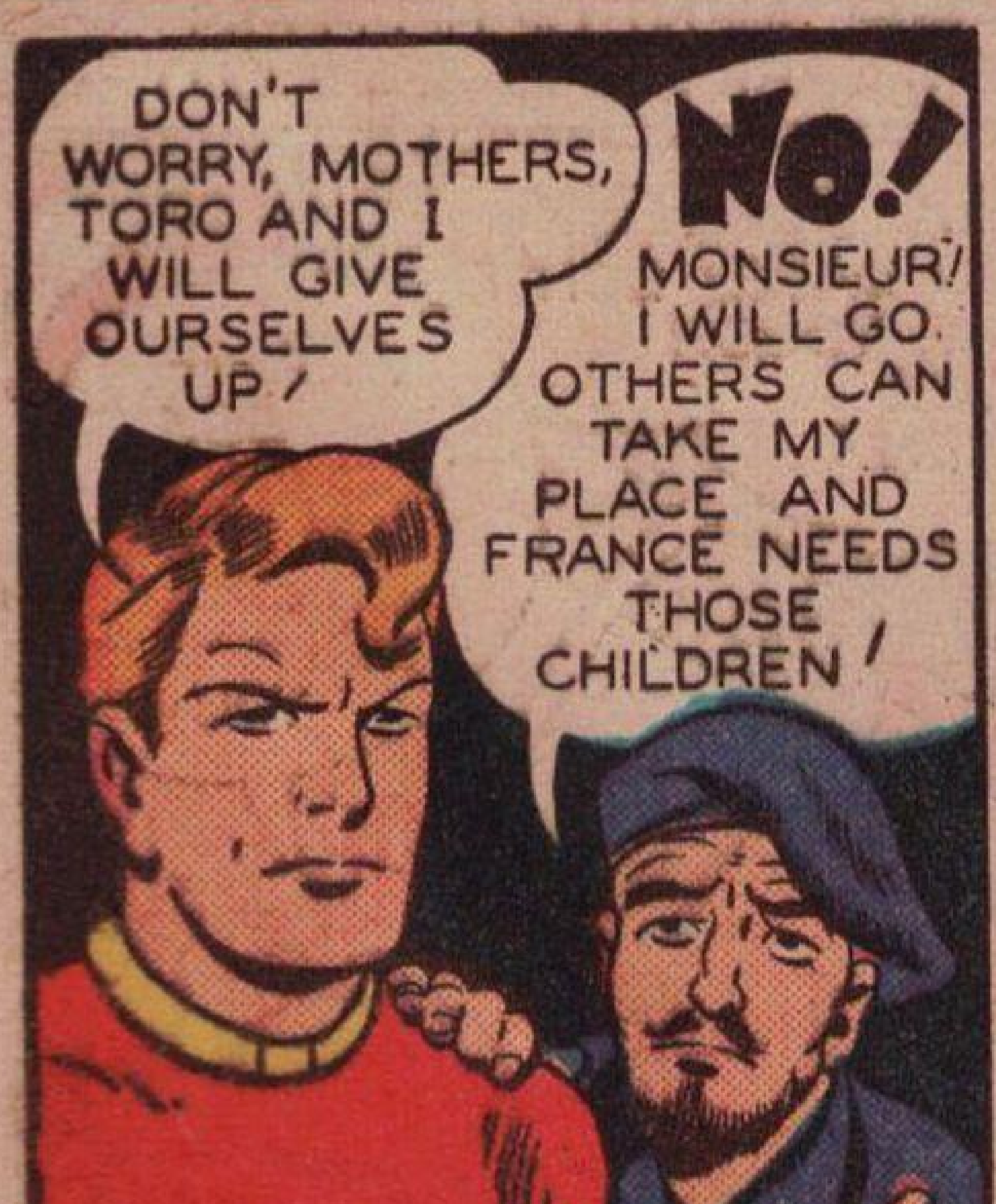

NEWS OF THE LATEST ACT OF DEFIANCE SENDS THE GESTAPO CHIEF INTO A TANTRUM..
DO THESE PEOPLE NOT YET KNOW THEY ARE CONQUERED SLAVES, FRAULIEN, I WANT YOU TO ACCOMPANY THE STORM TROOPERS AND-- --
BUT COLONEL --I ---I--
DON'T INTERRUPT! GO FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE AND BRING ME EVERY CHILD FROM THE AGES OF 3 TO 10! FEMALES ONLY!
HOURS LATER
STUPID TRASH! STOP WHINING! YOU HAVE DEFIED THE NEW ORDER
HUSH, CHILD! HUSH! TAKE YOUR BLOODSTAINED HANDS OFF MY CHILD! OH, PLEASE!
MAMA! MAMA! DON'T LET THEM TAKE ME! PLEASE, MAMA! I'M AFRAID!
QUIET! QUIET! OR WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO USE THIS WHIP TO SILENCE YOU?
I WANT MY MAMA! I WANT TO GO HOME!
SICKENED BY THE UNHOLY TREATMENT OF HELPLESS CHILDREN, CARMINE LASHES OUT ---
BRUTE! BRUTE! DON'T YOU DARE! DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH THOSE CHILDREN!
WHA--- SO! YOU SHOW YOUR TRUE COLORS! YOU-- -- YOU--

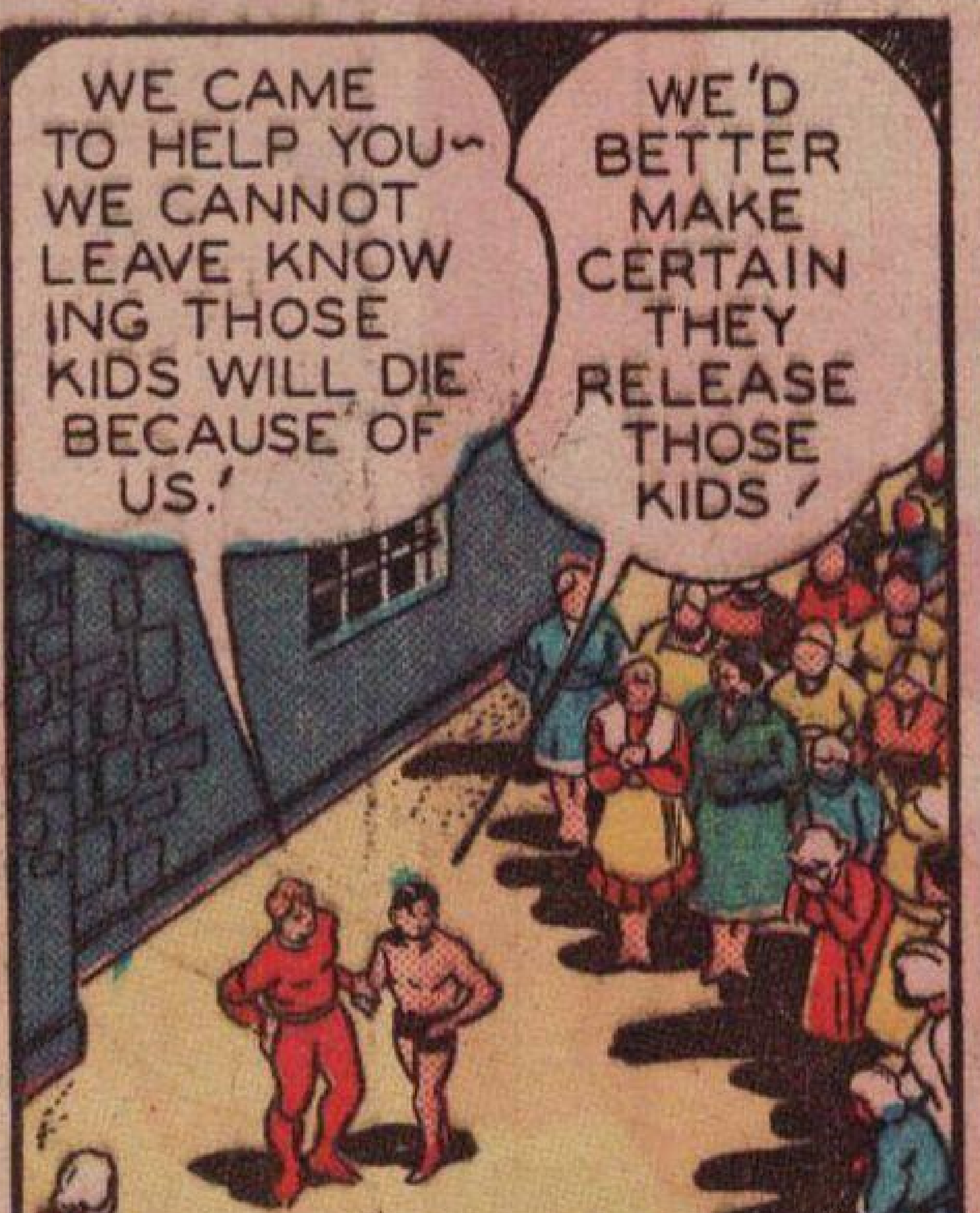

YES! YES! YES! NOW YOU KNOW! BEAT ME! KILL ME! BUT YOU'LL NEVER KILL THE SOUL OF FRANCE...
TALK! SPY! WHERE IS JULES GAUTIER?

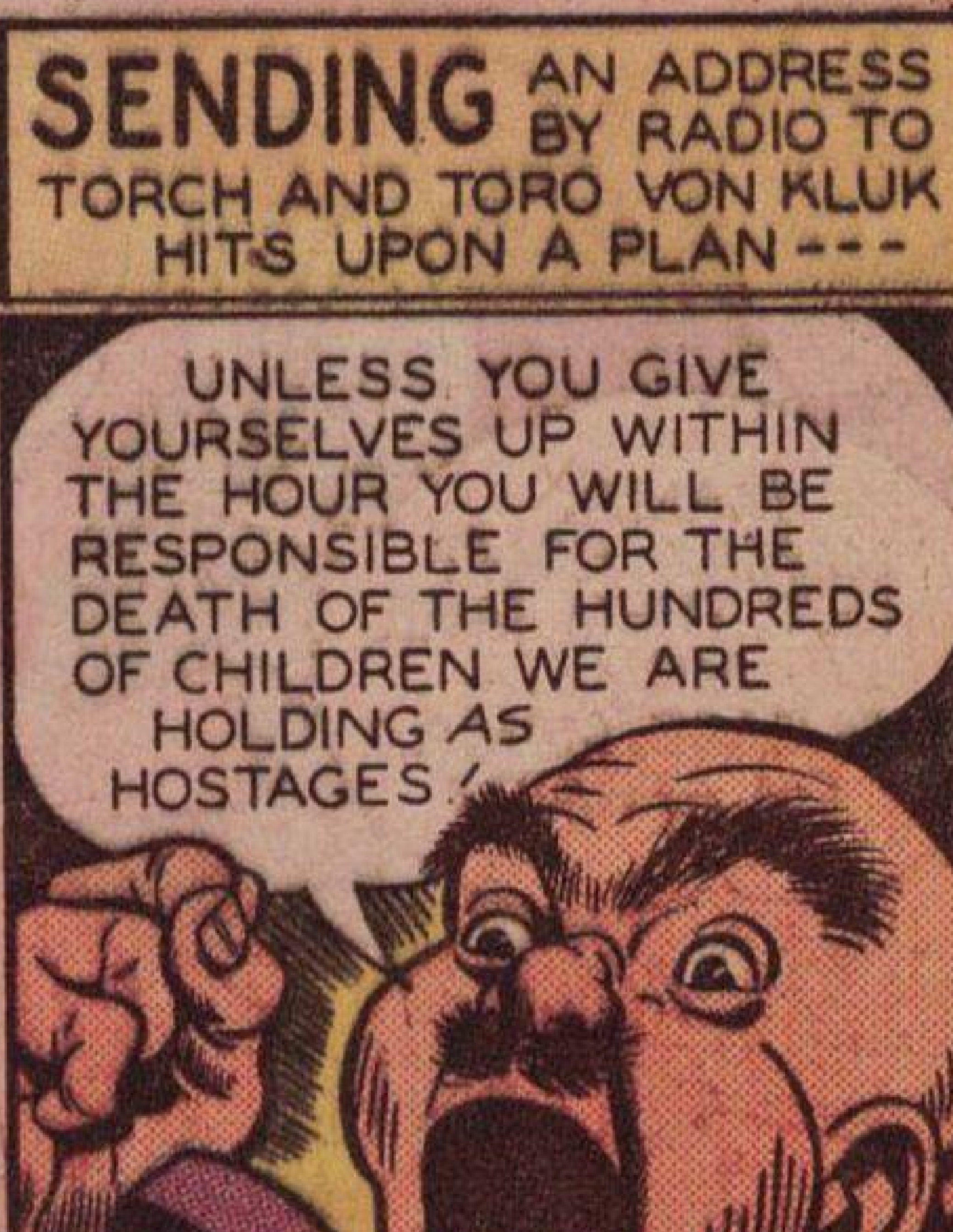

TERRIFIED, THE CHILDREN LOOK ON AS COL VON KLUK TAKES OVER.
WHERE ARE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FRENCH SECRET ARMY? TALK OR YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE FAR GREATER THAN DEATH—
I'LL NEVER TALK! I DESPISE YOU!


YES, IT WAS I WHO GAVE JULES THE INFORMATION IF YOU KILL ME, IF YOU KILL JULES AND A THOUSAND, TEN THOUSAND LIKE HIM, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE TEN THOUSAND MORE TO CARRY ON OUR WORK!

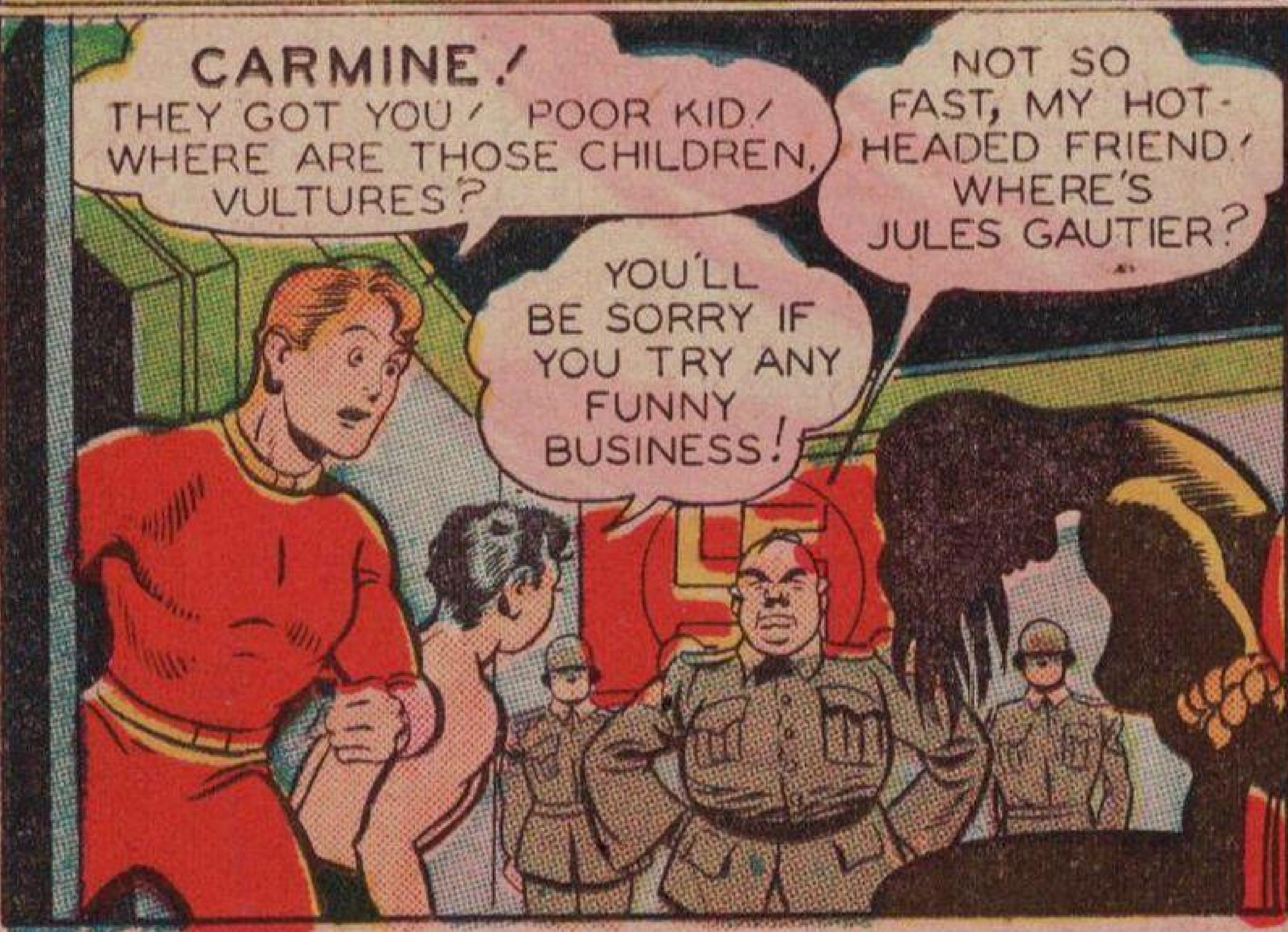

AGONIZED MOTHERS AT THE UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS APPEAL TO TORCH AND TORO FOR HELP
PLEASE, OH PLEASE! DO SOMETHING TO SAVE OUR BABIES LIVES! THEY ARE INNOCENT AND HELPLESS!

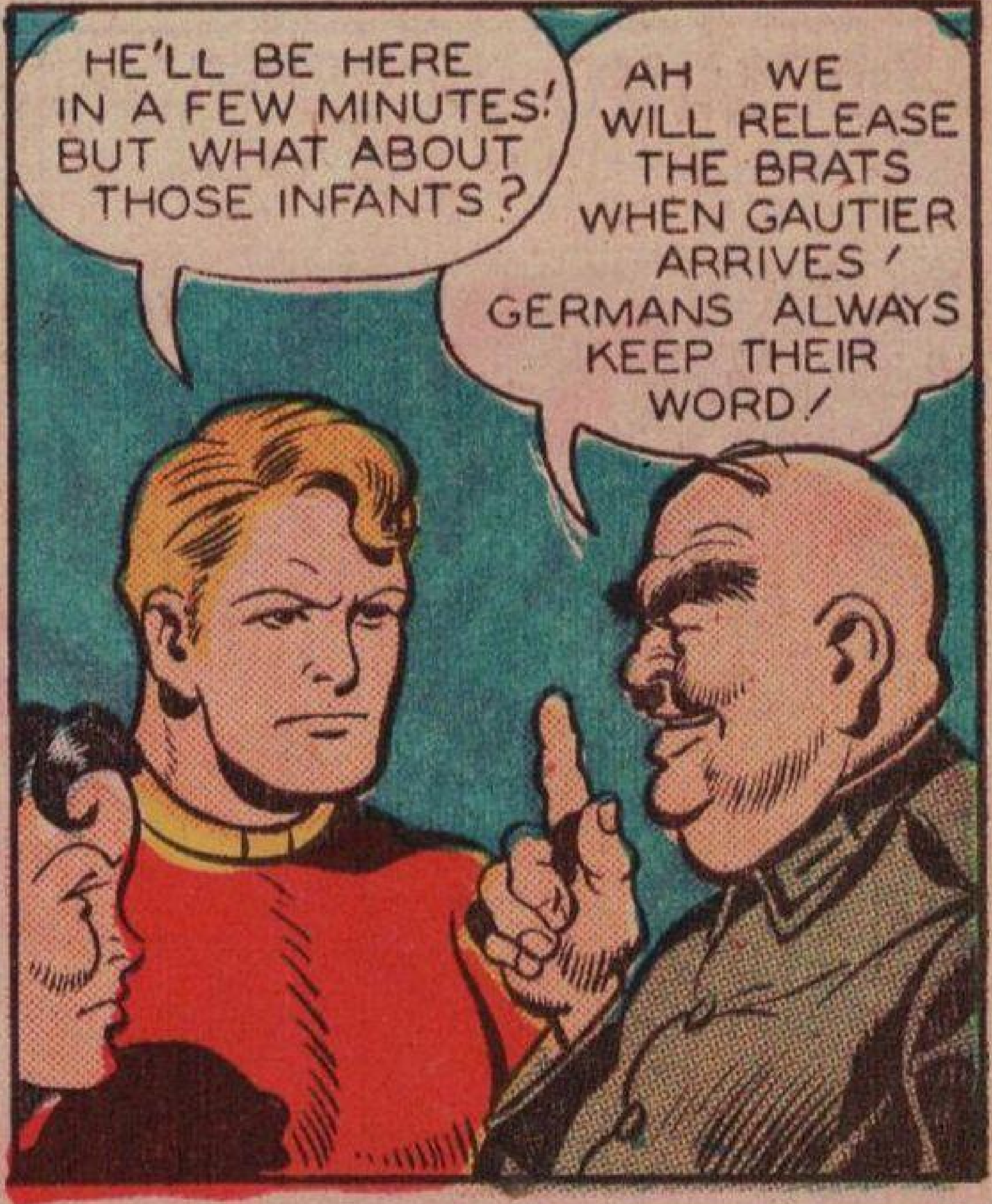

DON'T WORRY, MOTHERS, TORO AND I WILL GIVE OURSELVES UP!
NO! MONSIEUR! I WILL GO. OTHERS CAN TAKE MY PLACE AND FRANCE NEEDS THOSE CHILDREN!


WE CAME TO HELP YOU— WE CANNOT LEAVE KNOWING THOSE KIDS WILL DIE BECAUSE OF US!
WE'D BETTER MAKE CERTAIN THEY RELEASE THOSE KIDS!

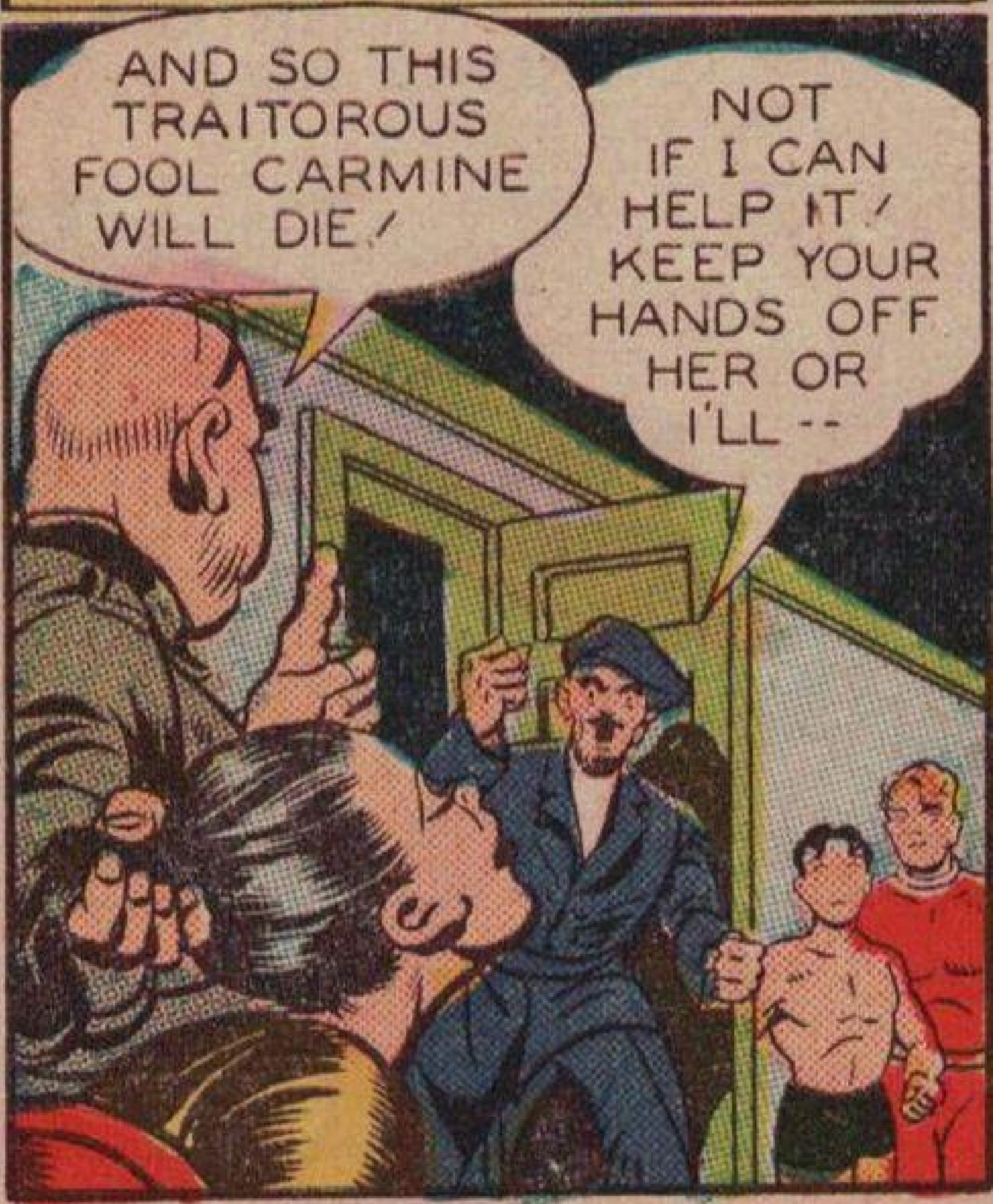

SENDING AN ADDRESS BY RADIO TO TORCH AND TORO VON KLUK HITS UPON A PLAN---
UNLESS YOU GIVE YOURSELVES UP WITHIN THE HOUR YOU WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF THE HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN WE ARE HOLDING AS HOSTAGES!

WALKING INTO GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS TORCH AND TORO GIVE THEMSELVES UP!

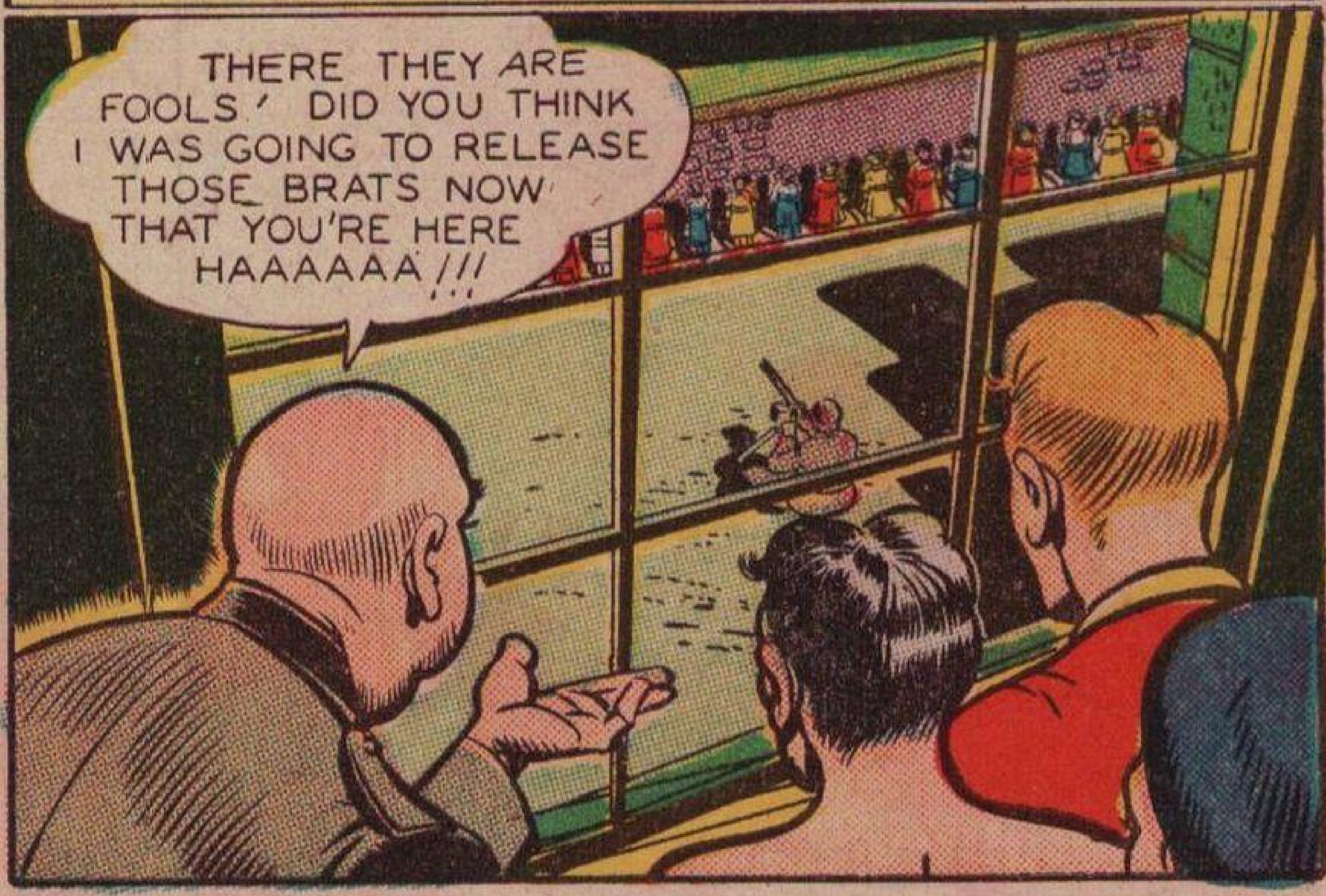

CARMINE! THEY GOT YOU! POOR KID! WHERE ARE THOSE CHILDREN, VULTURES?
NOT SO FAST, MY HOT-HEADED FRIEND! WHERE'S JULES GAUTIER?
YOU'LL BE SORRY IF YOU TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS!


HE'LL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES! BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE INFANTS?
AH WE WILL RELEASE THE BRATS WHEN GAUTIER ARRIVES! GERMANS ALWAYS KEEP THEIR WORD!

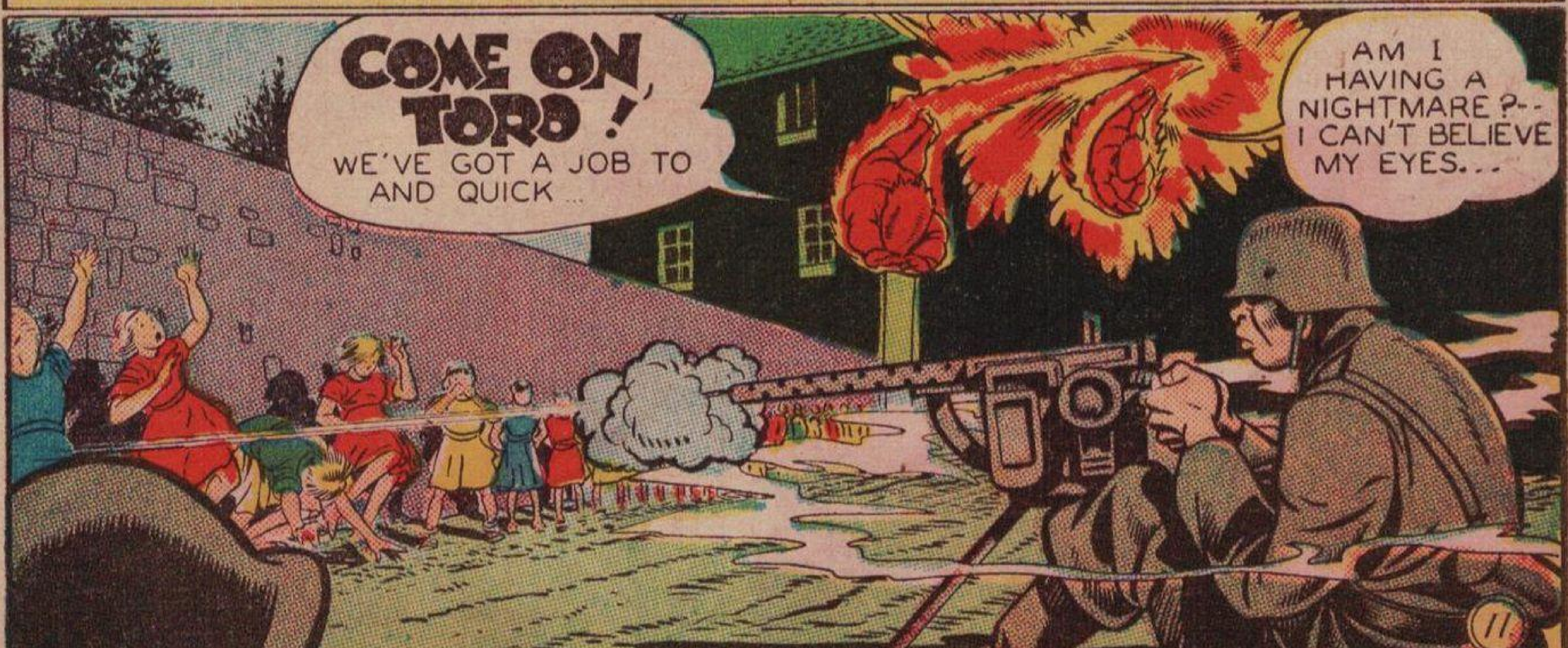
A MOMENT LATER JULES ENTERS...

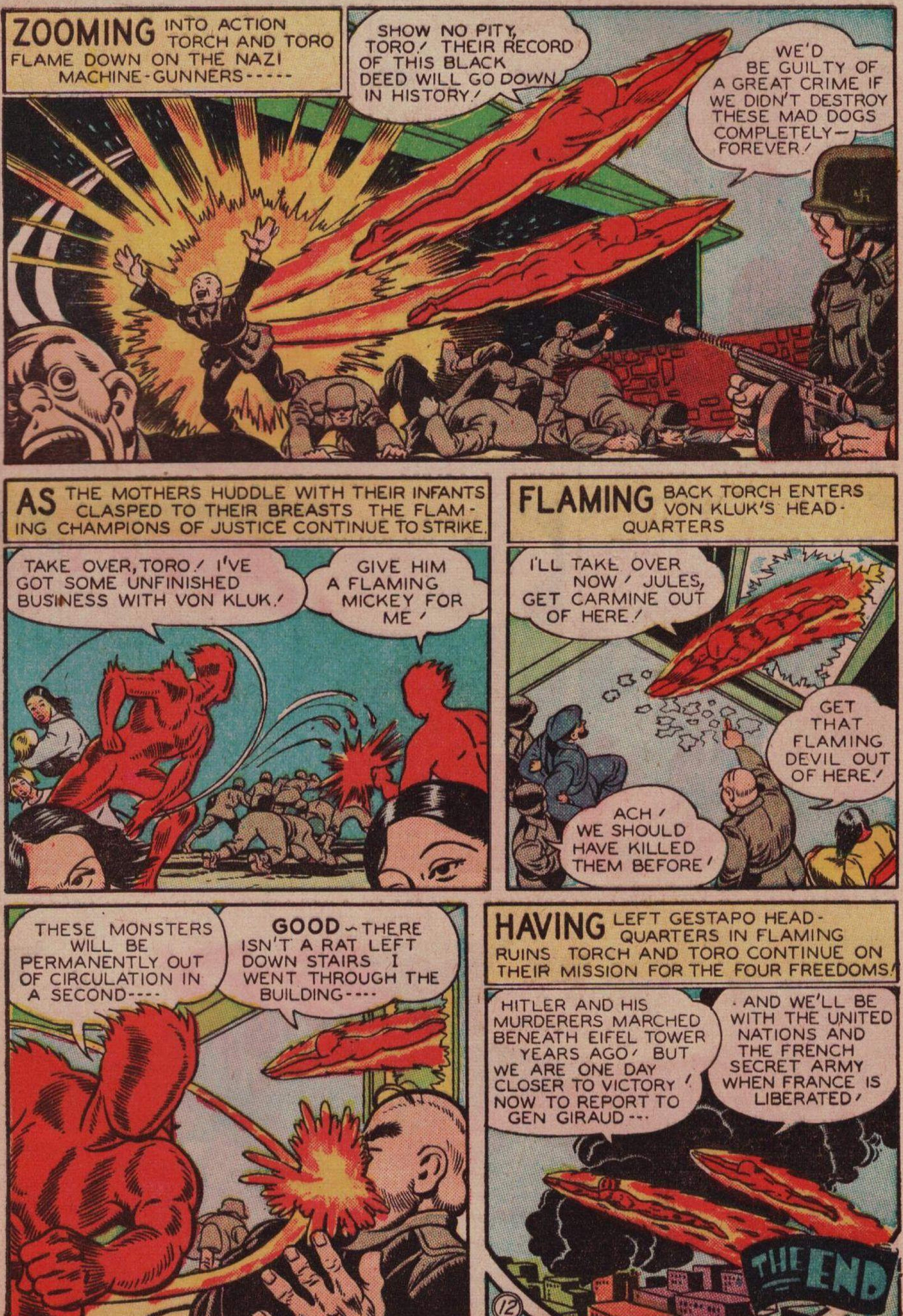

AND SO THIS TRAITOROUS FOOL CARMINE WILL DIE!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT! KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF HER OR I'LL --

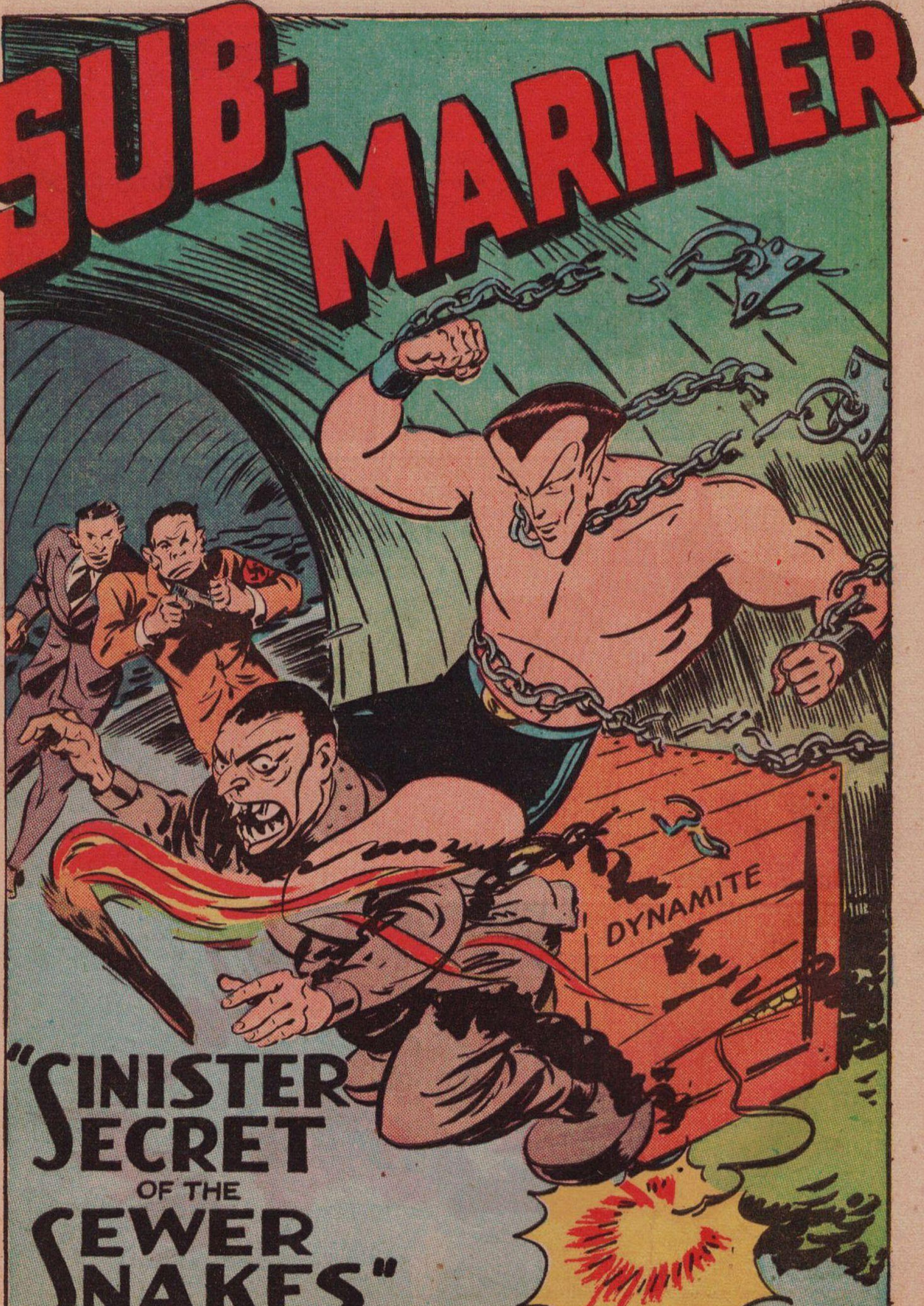
DIRECTING THE TRIO TO A WINDOW VON KLUK SHOWS THEM THE COURT YARD—

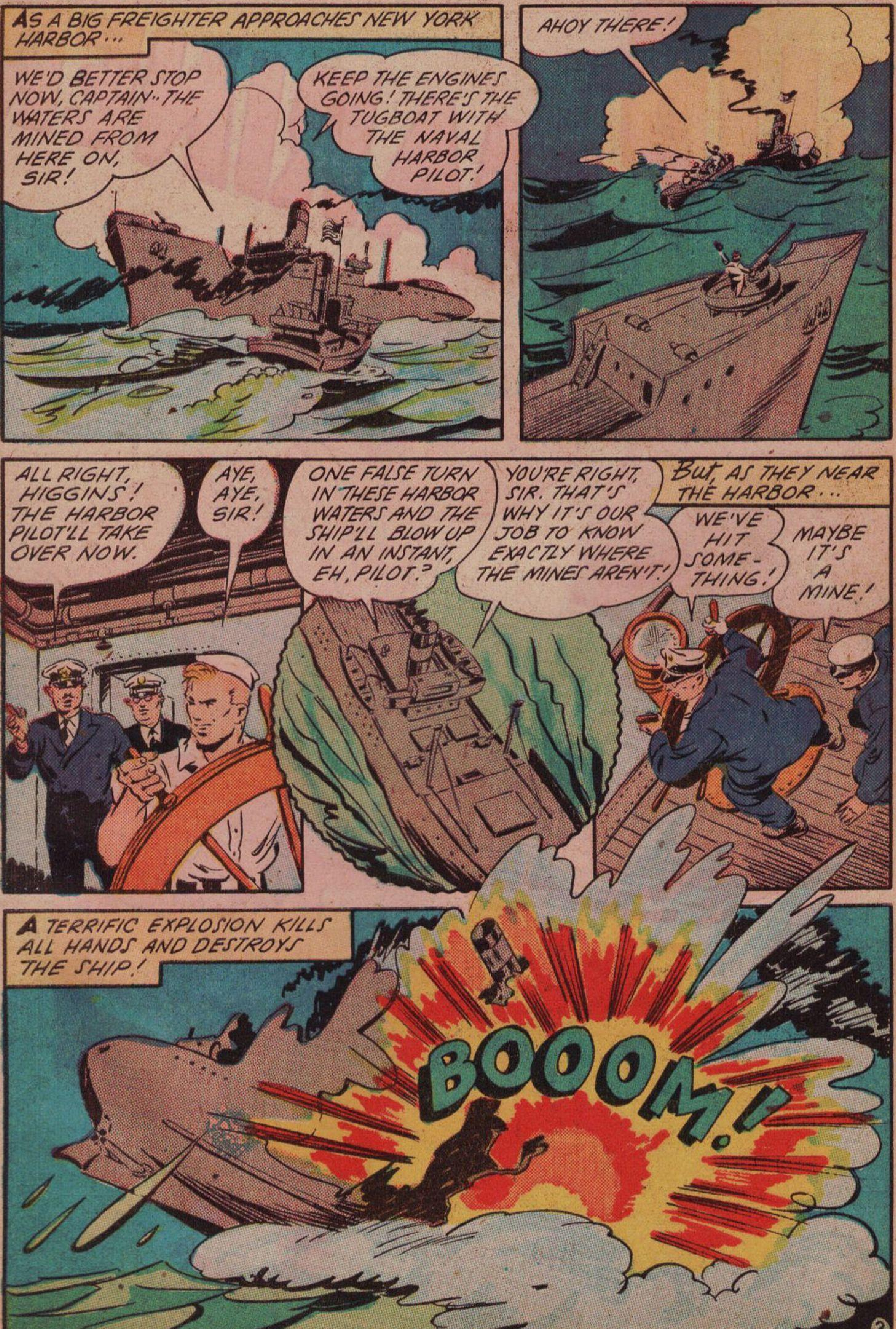

THERE THEY ARE FOOLS! DID YOU THINK I WAS GOING TO RELEASE THOSE BRATS NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE HAAAAAA!!!

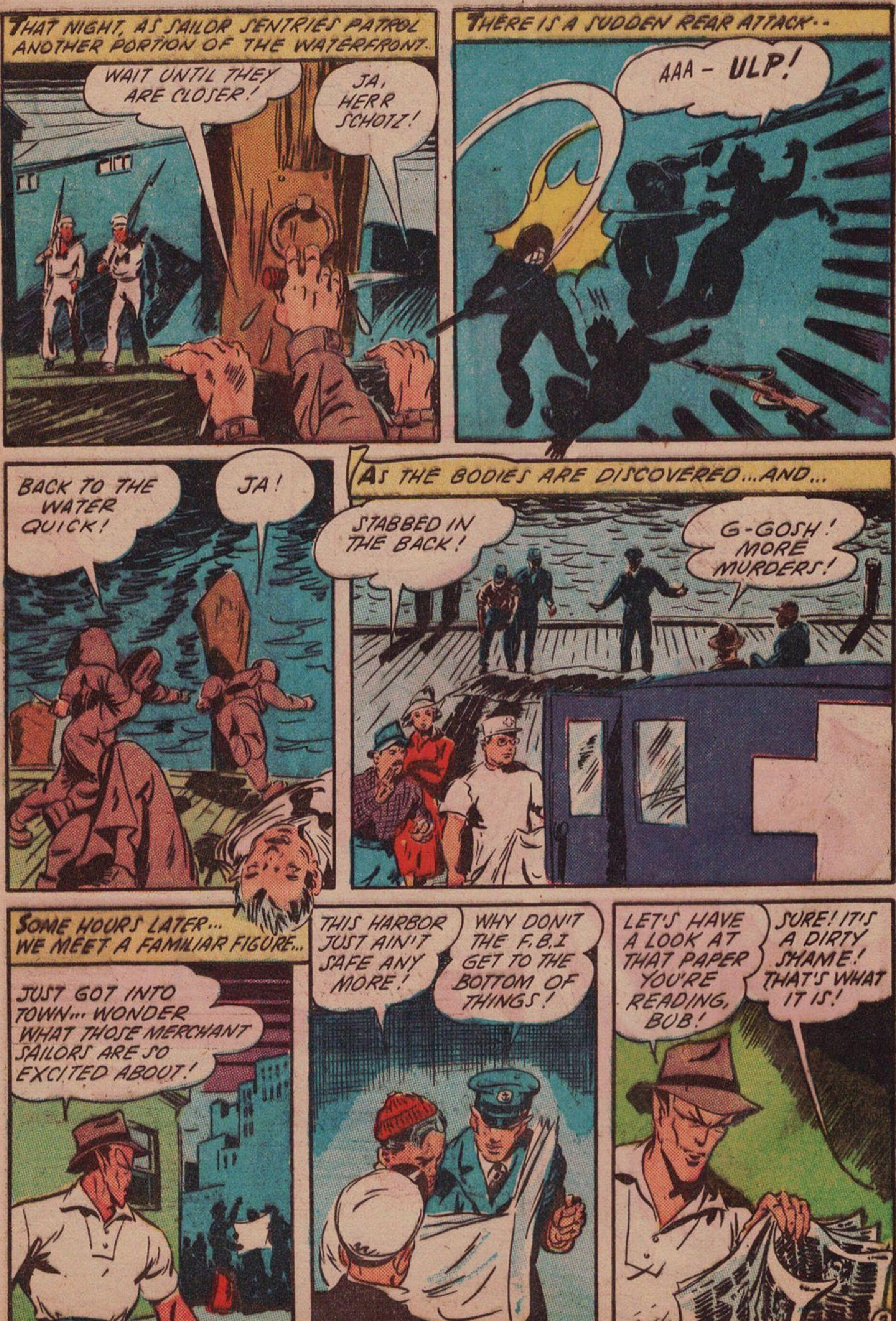
A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE--A SCREAM OF A WOUNDED CHILD--AND NEVER BEFORE HAS MAN CONCEIVED SUCH A TERRIFYING ORGY OF WICKEDNESS!

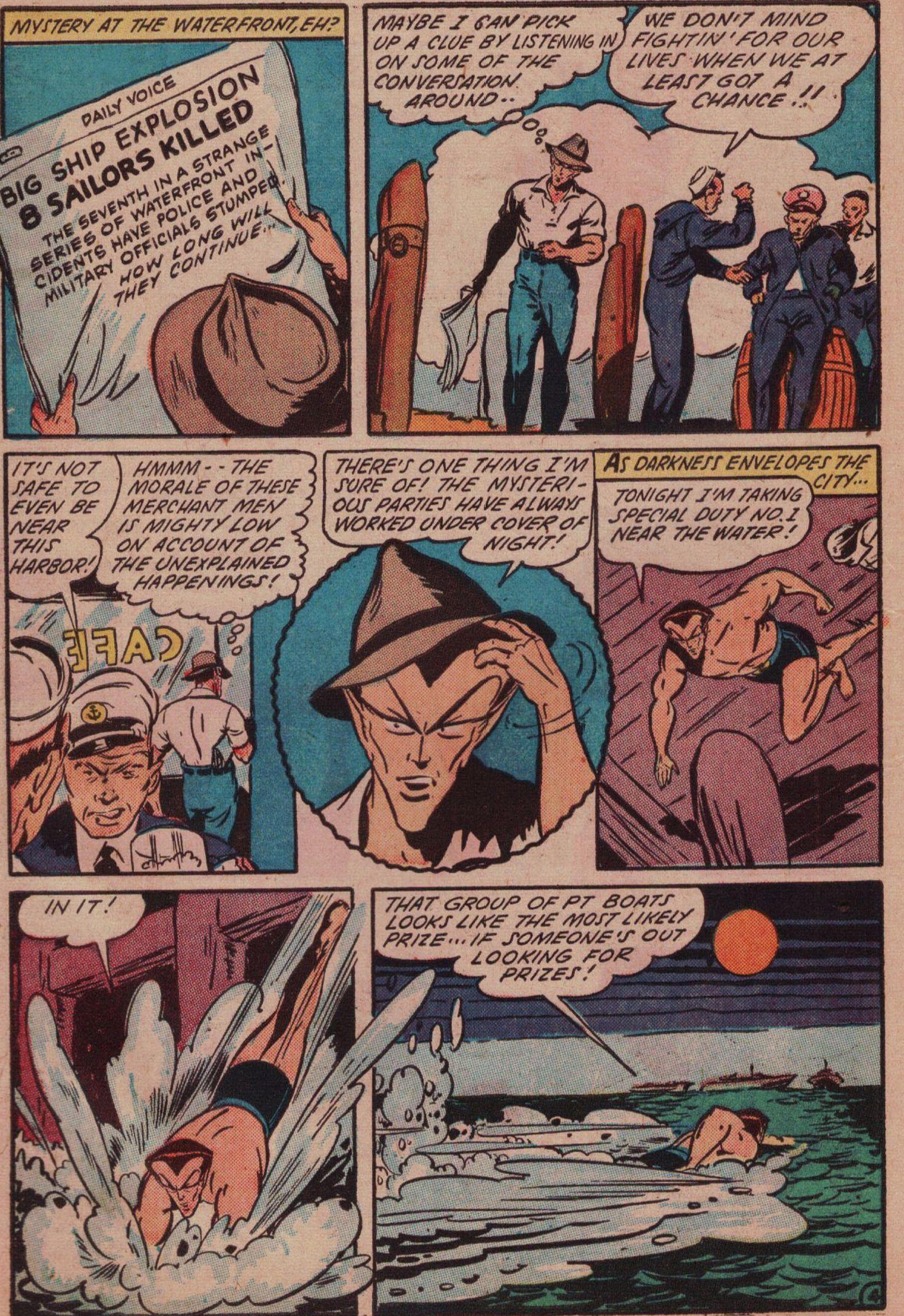

COME ON, TORO! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO AND QUICK...
AM I HAVING A NIGHTMARE?-- I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES...


ZOOMING INTO ACTION TORCH AND TORO FLAME DOWN ON THE NAZI MACHINE-GUNNERS-----
SHOW NO PITY, TORO! THEIR RECORD OF THIS BLACK DEED WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY!
WE'D BE GUILTY OF A GREAT CRIME IF WE DIDN'T DESTROY THESE MAD DOGS COMPLETELY— FOREVER!
AS THE MOTHERS HUDDLE WITH THEIR INFANTS CLASPED TO THEIR BREASTS THE FLAMING CHAMPIONS OF JUSTICE CONTINUE TO STRIKE.
TAKE OVER, TORO! I'VE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS WITH VON KLUK!
GIVE HIM A FLAMING MICKEY FOR ME!
FLAMING BACK TORCH ENTERS VON KLUK'S HEADQUARTERS
I'LL TAKE OVER NOW! JULES, GET CARMINE OUT OF HERE!
GET THAT FLAMING DEVIL OUT OF HERE!
ACH! WE SHOULD HAVE KILLED THEM BEFORE!
THESE MONSTERS WILL BE PERMANENTLY OUT OF CIRCULATION IN A SECOND----
GOOD—THERE ISN'T A RAT LEFT DOWN STAIRS I WENT THROUGH THE BUILDING----
HAVING LEFT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS IN FLAMING RUINS TORCH AND TORO CONTINUE ON THEIR MISSION FOR THE FOUR FREEDOMS!
HITLER AND HIS MURDERERS MARCHED BENEATH EIFEL TOWER YEARS AGO! BUT WE ARE ONE DAY CLOSER TO VICTORY! NOW TO REPORT TO GEN GIRAUD---
.AND WE'LL BE WITH THE UNITED NATIONS AND THE FRENCH SECRET ARMY WHEN FRANCE IS LIBERATED!
THE END
12


SUB-MARINER
DYNAMITE
"SINISTER SECRET OF THE SEWER SNAKES"

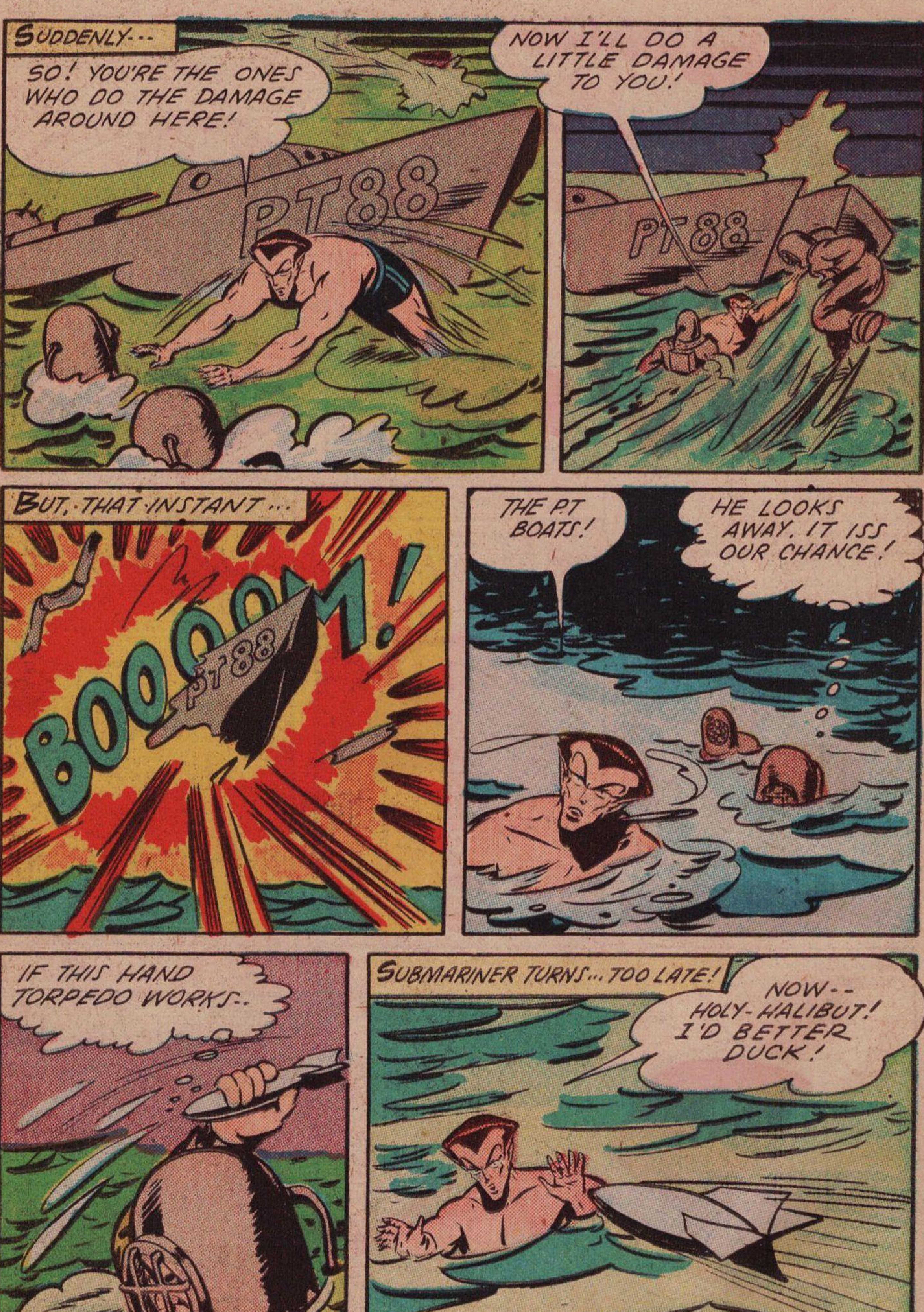

AS A BIG FREIGHTER APPROACHES NEW YORK HARBOR...
WE'D BETTER STOP NOW, CAPTAIN.. THE WATERS ARE MINED FROM HERE ON, SIR!
KEEP THE ENGINES GOING! THERE'S THE TUGBOAT WITH THE NAVAL HARBOR PILOT!
AHOY THERE!
ALL RIGHT, HIGGINS! THE HARBOR PILOT'LL TAKE OVER NOW.
AYE, AYE, SIR!
ONE FALSE TURN IN THESE HARBOR WATERS AND THE SHIP'LL BLOW UP IN AN INSTANT, EH, PILOT?
YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR. THAT'S WHY IT'S OUR JOB TO KNOW EXACTLY WHERE THE MINES AREN'T!
But, AS THEY NEAR THE HARBOR...
WE'VE HIT SOME-THING!
MAYBE IT'S A MINE!
A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION KILLS ALL HANDS AND DESTROYS THE SHIP!
BOOOM!

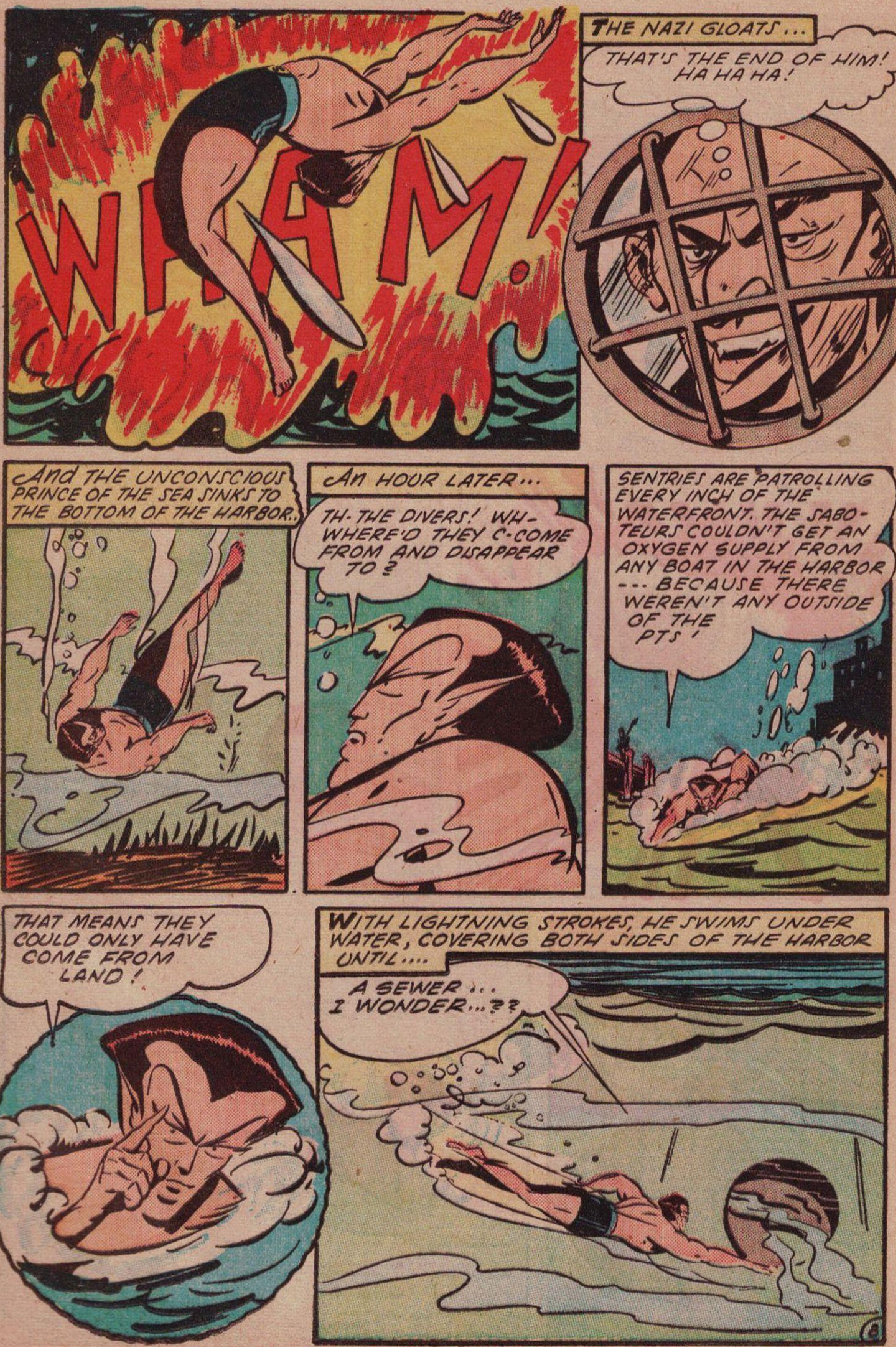

THAT NIGHT, AS SAILOR SENTRIES PATROL ANOTHER PORTION OF THE WATERFRONT.
WAIT UNTIL THEY ARE CLOSER!
JA, HERR SCHOTZ!
THERE IS A SUDDEN REAR ATTACK - -
AAA - ULP!
BACK TO THE WATER QUICK!
JA!
AS THE BODIES ARE DISCOVERED...AND...
STABBED IN THE BACK!
G-GOSH! MORE MURDERS!
SOME HOURS LATER... WE MEET A FAMILIAR FIGURE...
JUST GOT INTO TOWN... WONDER WHAT THOSE MERCHANT SAILORS ARE SO EXCITED ABOUT!
THIS HARBOR JUST AIN'T SAFE ANY MORE!
WHY DON'T THE F.B.I GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THAT PAPER YOU'RE READING, BOB!
SURE! IT'S A DIRTY SHAME! THAT'S WHAT IT IS!
5

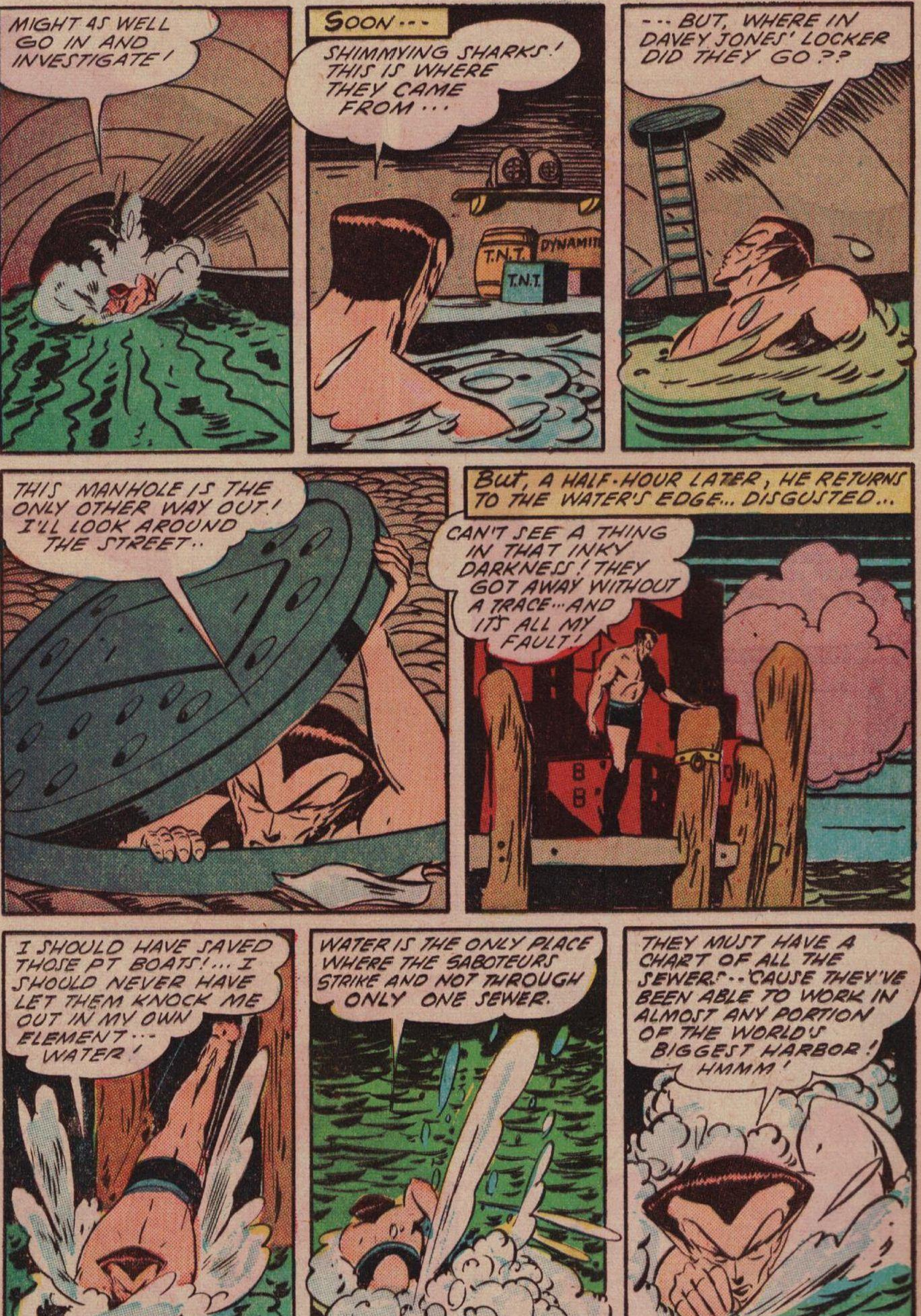

MYSTERY AT THE WATERFRONT, EH?
DAILY VOICE
BIG SHIP EXPLOSION
8 SAILORS KILLED
THE SEVENTH IN A STRANGE SERIES OF WATERFRONT INCIDENTS HAVE POLICE AND MILITARY OFFICIALS STUMPED. HOW LONG WILL THEY CONTINUE..
MAYBE I CAN PICK UP A CLUE BY LISTENING IN ON SOME OF THE CONVERSATION AROUND..
WE DON'T MIND FIGHTIN' FOR OUR LIVES WHEN WE AT LEAST GOT A CHANCE!!
IT'S NOT SAFE TO EVEN BE NEAR THIS HARBOR!
HMMM - - THE MORALE OF THESE MERCHANT MEN IS MIGHTY LOW ON ACCOUNT OF THE UNEXPLAINED HAPPENINGS!
CAFE
THERE'S ONE THING I'M SURE OF! THE MYSTERIOUS PARTIES HAVE ALWAYS WORKED UNDER COVER OF NIGHT!
AS DARKNESS ENVELOPES THE CITY...
TONIGHT I'M TAKING SPECIAL DUTY NO. 1 NEAR THE WATER!
IN IT!
THAT GROUP OF PT BOATS LOOKS LIKE THE MOST LIKELY PRIZE... IF SOMEONE'S OUT LOOKING FOR PRIZES!

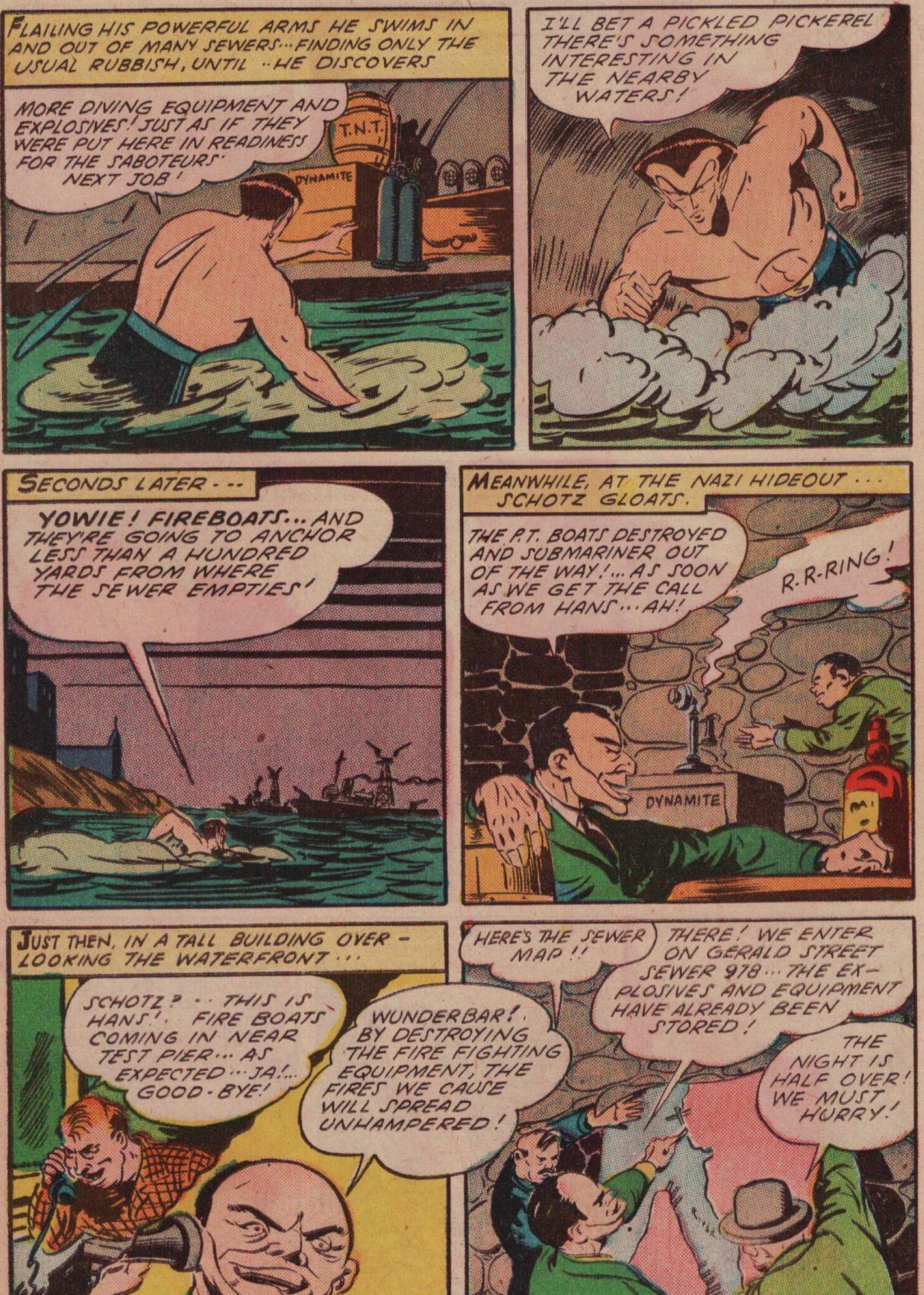
THAT MOMENT A FEW MILES FROM THE HARBOR...
THE PLAN IS IN EXCELLENT SHAPE HERR SCHOTZ!
JA! -- AND THE MOST WONDERFUL PART IS THAT WE ARE COMPLETELY SAFE FROM DISCOVERY!
EVEN WITH THE NEWSPAPER REPORTS, NO ONE HAS SEEN US DO OUR SABOTAGE AND MURDER!
MEANWHILE, MORALE IS AT LOW EBB! GOOT! AMERICANS NOW QUESTION THE EFFICIENCY OF THEIR DEFENSES AND POLICE DEPARTMENT!
THE NAVY ISN'T SURE THEIR HARBOR MINES ARE IN THE RIGHT PLACES! ... HAHAHA! ALL SHIPPING IS ENDANGERED!
FOR TONIGHT, SCHOTZ?
FOR TONIGHT WE HAVE SOME GOOD PICKINGS, JA! SEE? FIFTEEN PT BOATS, ACCORDING TO INFORMATION, ANCHORED NEAR CREELEY SHIPYARD!
WE TAKE CARE OF THE PT BOATS IMMEDIATELY! HEIL HITLER!
HEIL!
SOME TIME LATER, IN THE MIDDLE OF A STREET SIX BLOCKS FROM THE WATERFRONT...
THIS BLACKOUT IS GOOD FOR US, TOO. JAWOHL!
SSSSSSSSH!
HAR
THE MAN HOLE LEADS TO A SEWER. STAY CLOSE TO THE WALL!
5

EVERYTHING IS READY-- RIGHT WHERE WE LEFT IT!
COME. WE PUT ON THE DIVING SUITS!
THIS SEWER EMPTIES INTO THE OCEAN ABOUT FIFTY YARDS FROM THE PT BOAT!
JA! LET US PUT HELMETS ON UND GO!
SECONDS LATER, THE NAZIS ENTER THE HARBOR AND SILENTLY HEAD FOR THE PT BOATS...
SWIFTLY, SCHOTZ LIGHTS THE FUSE OF A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE...
NOW I THROW THIS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BOATS UND...
PT 88
BUT --
A FUSE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PT!
PT 2
INSTANTLY HE DIVES DEEP UNDER THE BOATS...
THIS OUGHT TO BRING ME RIGHT WHERE I WANT TO GO!
MEANWHILE..
THERE!
PT 11

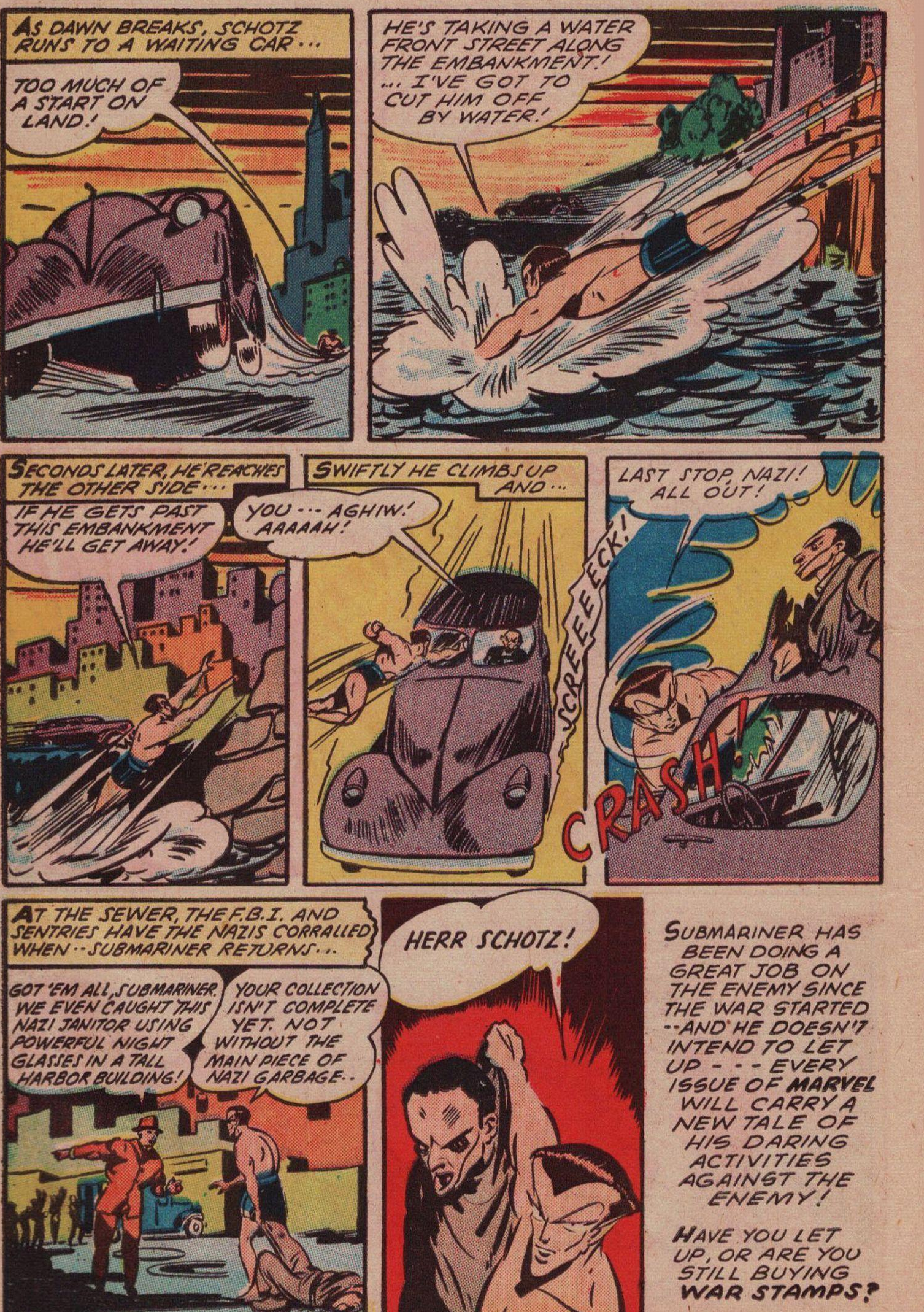

SUDDENLY--
SO! YOU'RE THE ONES WHO DO THE DAMAGE AROUND HERE!
PT88
NOW I'LL DO A LITTLE DAMAGE TO YOU!
PT88
BUT, THAT INSTANT...
BOOOOOM!
PT88
THE P.T BOATS!
HE LOOKS AWAY. IT ISS OUR CHANCE!
IF THIS HAND TORPEDO WORKS--
SUBMARINER TURNS... TOO LATE!
NOW-- HOLY-HALIBUT! I'D BETTER DUCK!


WHAM!
THE NAZI GLOATS...
THAT'S THE END OF HIM! HA HA HA!
And THE UNCONSCIOUS PRINCE OF THE SEA SINKS TO THE BOTTOM OF THE HARBOR.
An HOUR LATER...
TH-THE DIVERS! WH-WHERE'D THEY C-COME FROM AND DISAPPEAR TO?
SENTRIES ARE PATROLLING EVERY INCH OF THE WATERFRONT. THE SABOTEURS COULDN'T GET AN OXYGEN SUPPLY FROM ANY BOAT IN THE HARBOR --- BECAUSE THERE WEREN'T ANY OUTSIDE OF THE PTS!
THAT MEANS THEY COULD ONLY HAVE COME FROM LAND!
WITH LIGHTNING STROKES, HE SWIMS UNDER WATER, COVERING BOTH SIDES OF THE HARBOR UNTIL....
A SEWER... I WONDER...??
8


MIGHT AS WELL GO IN AND INVESTIGATE!
SOON...
SHIMMYING SHARKS! THIS IS WHERE THEY CAME FROM...
T.N.T.
DYNAMITE
T.N.T.
...BUT, WHERE IN DAVEY JONES' LOCKER DID THEY GO??
THIS MANHOLE IS THE ONLY OTHER WAY OUT! I'LL LOOK AROUND THE STREET..
But, A HALF-HOUR LATER, HE RETURNS TO THE WATER'S EDGE... DISGUSTED...
CAN'T SEE A THING IN THAT INKY DARKNESS! THEY GOT AWAY WITHOUT A TRACE...AND ITS ALL MY FAULT!
I SHOULD HAVE SAVED THOSE PT BOATS!... I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET THEM KNOCK ME OUT IN MY OWN ELEMENT...WATER!
WATER IS THE ONLY PLACE WHERE THE SABOTEURS STRIKE AND NOT THROUGH ONLY ONE SEWER.
THEY MUST HAVE A CHART OF ALL THE SEWERS..'CAUSE THEY'VE BEEN ABLE TO WORK IN ALMOST ANY PORTION OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST HARBOR! HMMM!


FLAILING HIS POWERFUL ARMS HE SWIMS IN AND OUT OF MANY SEWERS... FINDING ONLY THE USUAL RUBBISH, UNTIL .. HE DISCOVERS
MORE DIVING EQUIPMENT AND EXPLOSIVES! JUST AS IF THEY WERE PUT HERE IN READINESS FOR THE SABOTEURS' NEXT JOB!
T.N.T.
DYNAMITE
I'LL BET A PICKLED PICKEREL THERE'S SOMETHING INTERESTING IN THE NEARBY WATERS!
SECONDS LATER - - -
YOWIE! FIREBOATS... AND THEY'RE GOING TO ANCHOR LESS THAN A HUNDRED YARDS FROM WHERE THE SEWER EMPTIES!
MEANWHILE, AT THE NAZI HIDEOUT... SCHOTZ GLOATS.
THE P.T. BOATS DESTROYED AND SUBMARINER OUT OF THE WAY!... AS SOON AS WE GET THE CALL FROM HANS... AH!
R-R-RING!
DYNAMITE
JUST THEN, IN A TALL BUILDING OVERLOOKING THE WATERFRONT...
SCHOTZ? .. THIS IS HANS! FIRE BOATS COMING IN NEAR TEST PIER... AS EXPECTED.. JA!... GOOD-BYE!
WUNDERBAR! BY DESTROYING THE FIRE FIGHTING EQUIPMENT, THE FIRES WE CAUSE WILL SPREAD UNHAMPERED!
HERE'S THE SEWER MAP!!
THERE! WE ENTER ON GERALD STREET SEWER 978... THE EXPLOSIVES AND EQUIPMENT HAVE ALREADY BEEN STORED!
THE NIGHT IS HALF OVER! WE MUST HURRY!
10

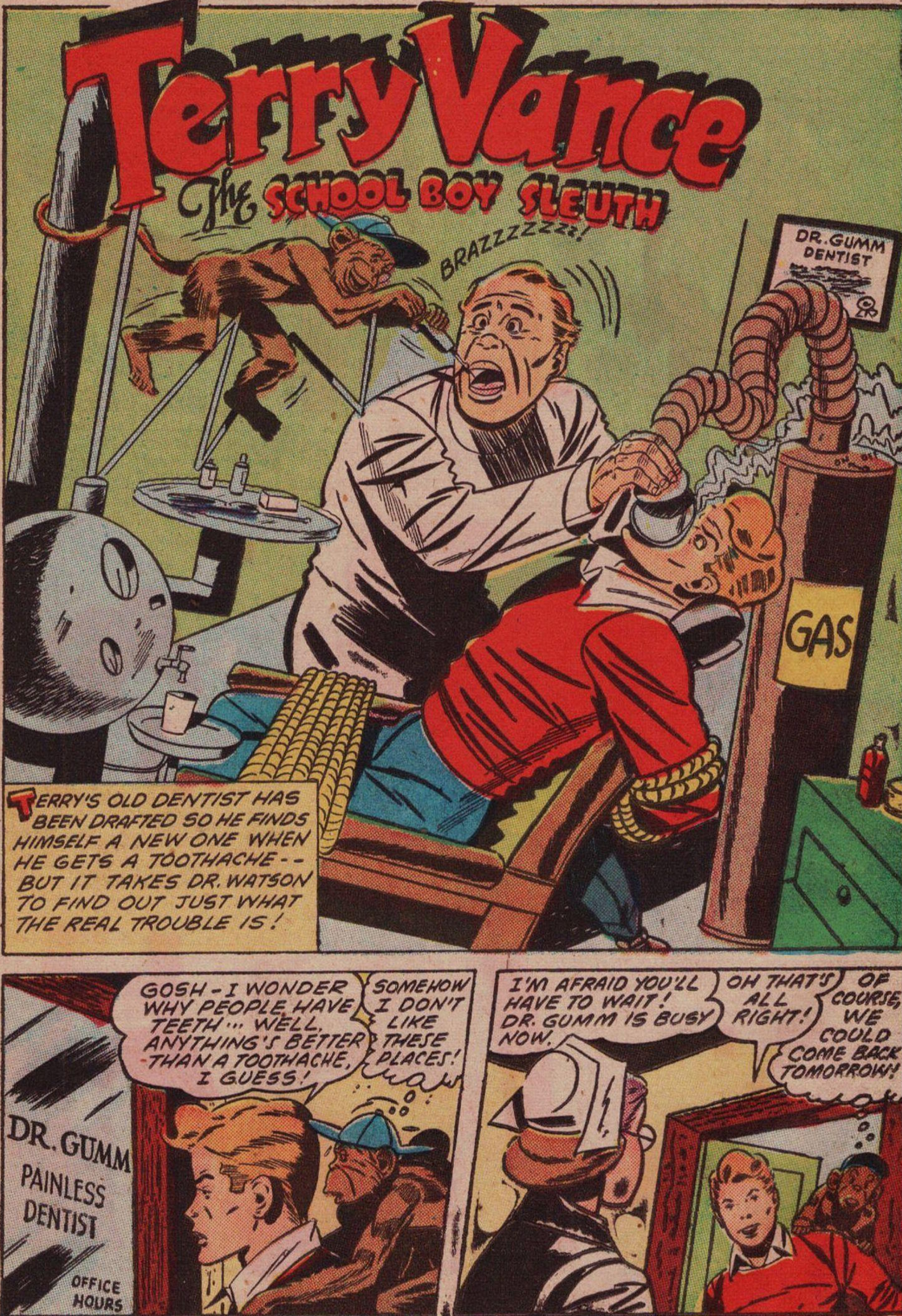
AN HOUR LATER, IN SEWER 978...
LOOK, SCHOTZ! THE WATER IS RISING!
STOP DREAMING UND PUT THAT HELMET ON!
DYNAMITE
B-B-BUT-- AAAH!
SURE THE WATER'S RISING...
-'CAUSE I SEALED THE END OF THAT SEWER!
GULP!
NOW WATCH ME SEAL YOUR NAZI LIPS!
UHHH!
HERE! YOU'LL NEED THIS OXYGEN WHEN YOU'RE UNDER WATER!
I-I'D BETTER GET OUT... OF THE SEWER AND THE SUIT!
SO THE CHIEF RAT'S RUNNING OUT ON THE OTHERS! WELL!

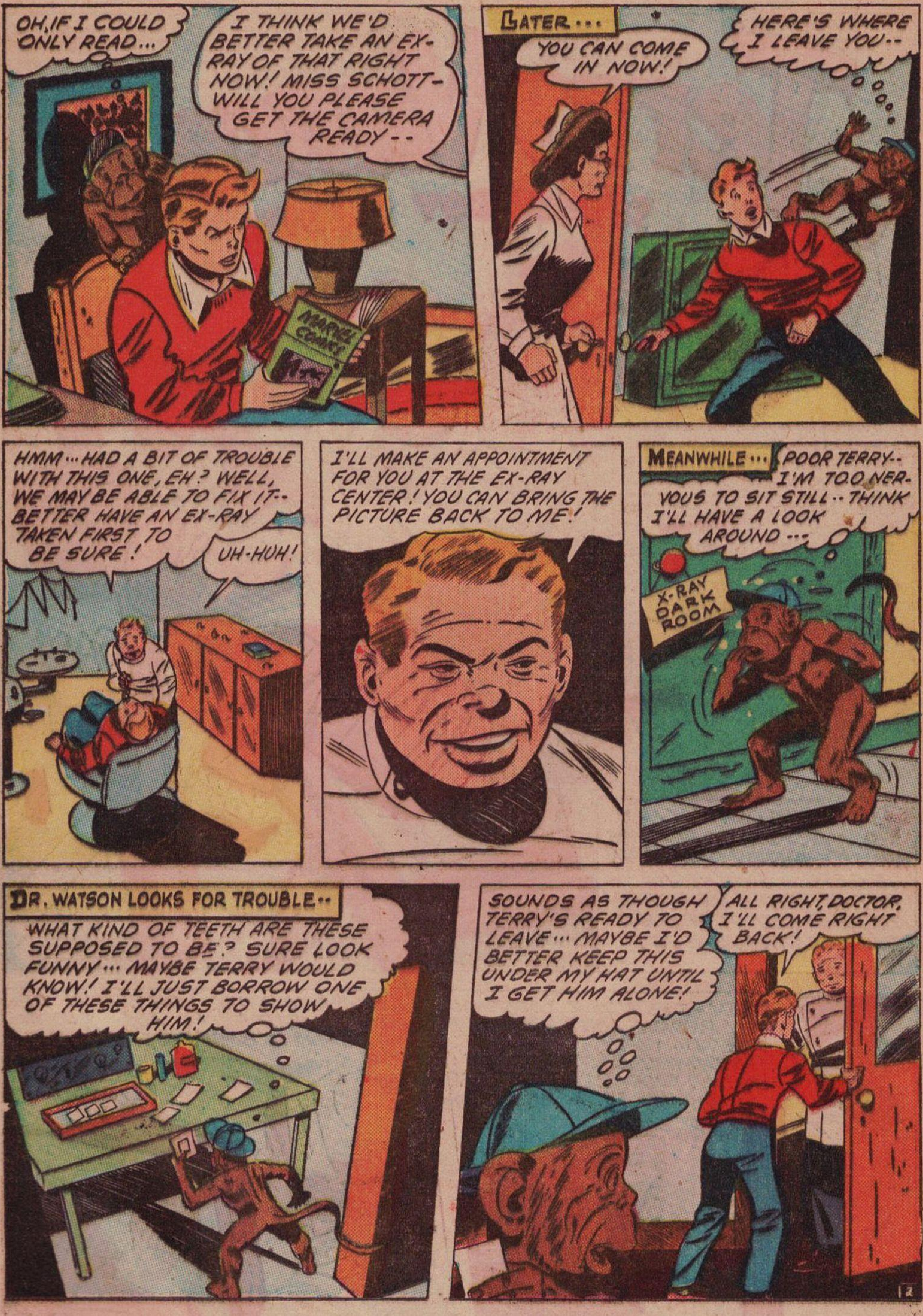

AS DAWN BREAKS, SCHOTZ RUNS TO A WAITING CAR...
TOO MUCH OF A START ON LAND!
HE'S TAKING A WATER FRONT STREET ALONG THE EMBANKMENT! ... I'VE GOT TO CUT HIM OFF BY WATER!
SECONDS LATER, HE REACHES THE OTHER SIDE...
IF HE GETS PAST THIS EMBANKMENT HE'LL GET AWAY!
SWIFTLY HE CLIMBS UP AND...
YOU --- AGHW! AAAAAH!
SCREEEEECK!
LAST STOP, NAZI! ALL OUT!
CRASH!
AT THE SEWER, THE F.B.I. AND SENTRIES HAVE THE NAZIS CORRALLED WHEN -- SUBMARINER RETURNS...
GOT 'EM ALL, SUBMARINER. WE EVEN CAUGHT THIS NAZI JANITOR USING POWERFUL NIGHT GLASSES IN A TALL HARBOR BUILDING!
YOUR COLLECTION ISN'T COMPLETE YET. NOT WITHOUT THE MAIN PIECE OF NAZI GARBAGE..
HERR SCHOTZ!

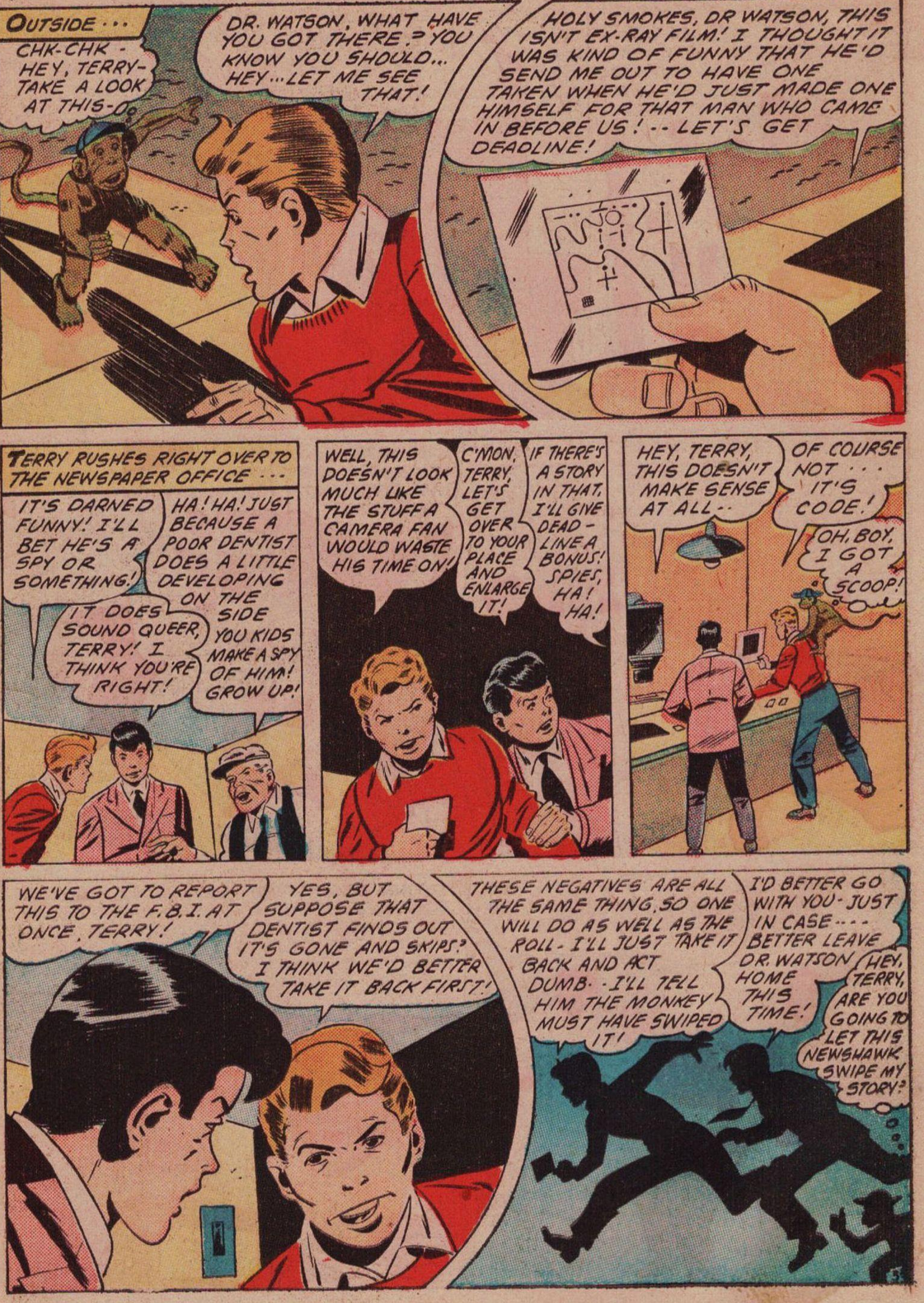
SUBMARINER HAS BEEN DOING A GREAT JOB ON THE ENEMY SINCE THE WAR STARTED --AND HE DOESN'T INTEND TO LET UP - - - EVERY ISSUE OF **MARVEL** WILL CARRY A NEW TALE OF HIS DARING ACTIVITIES AGAINST THE ENEMY!

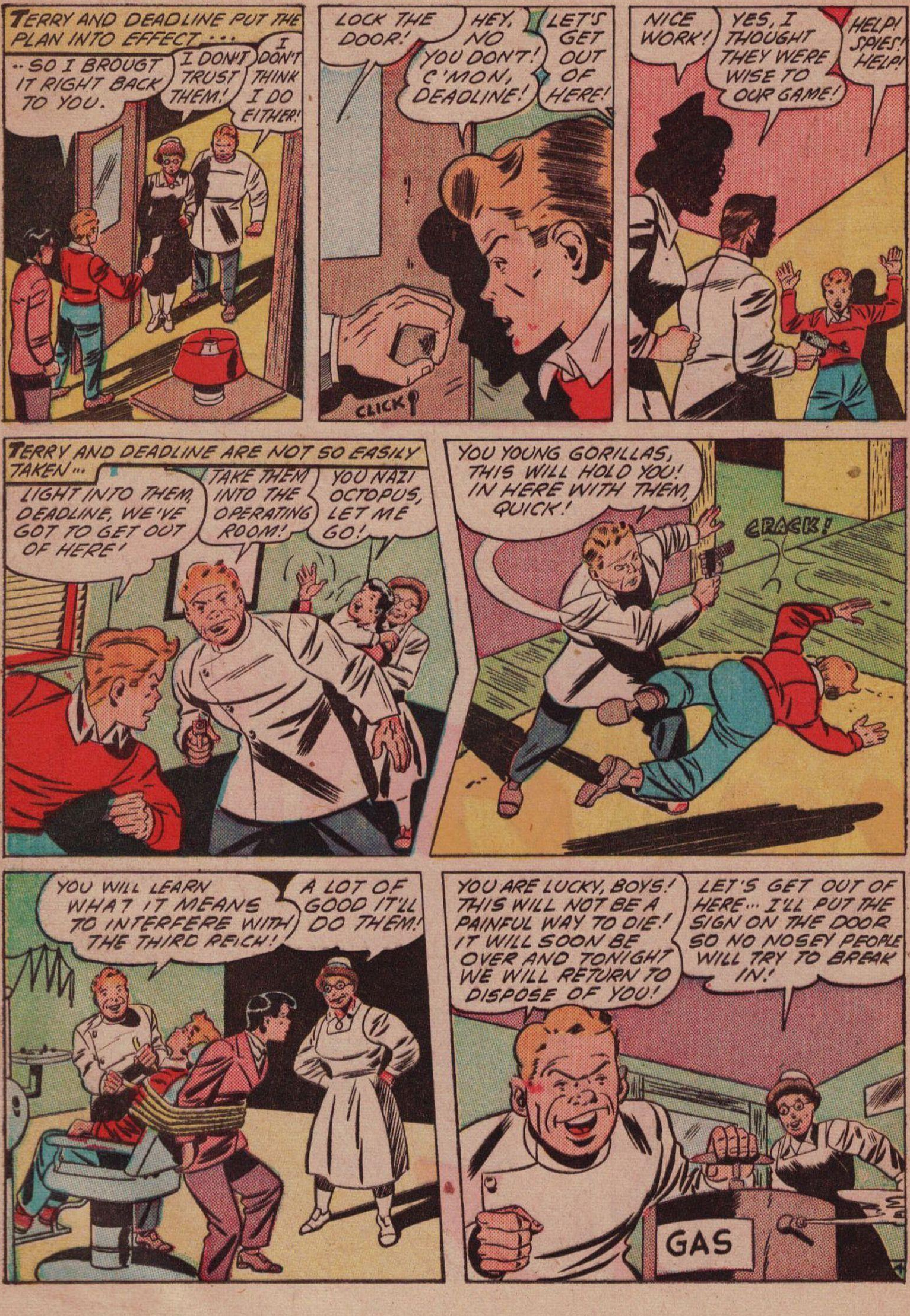
HAVE YOU LET UP, OR ARE YOU STILL BUYING **WAR STAMPS?**

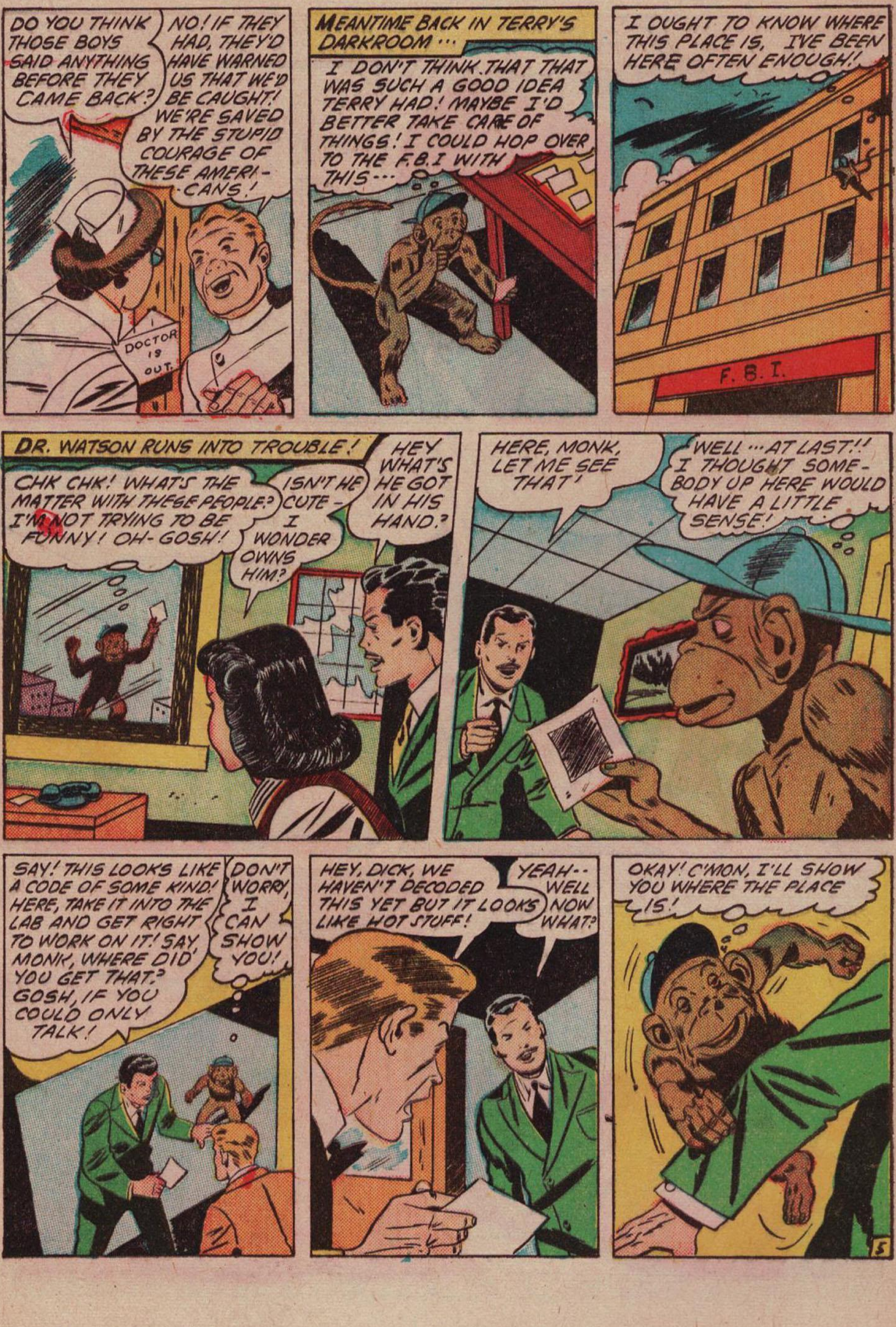
Terry Vance
The School Boy Sleuth

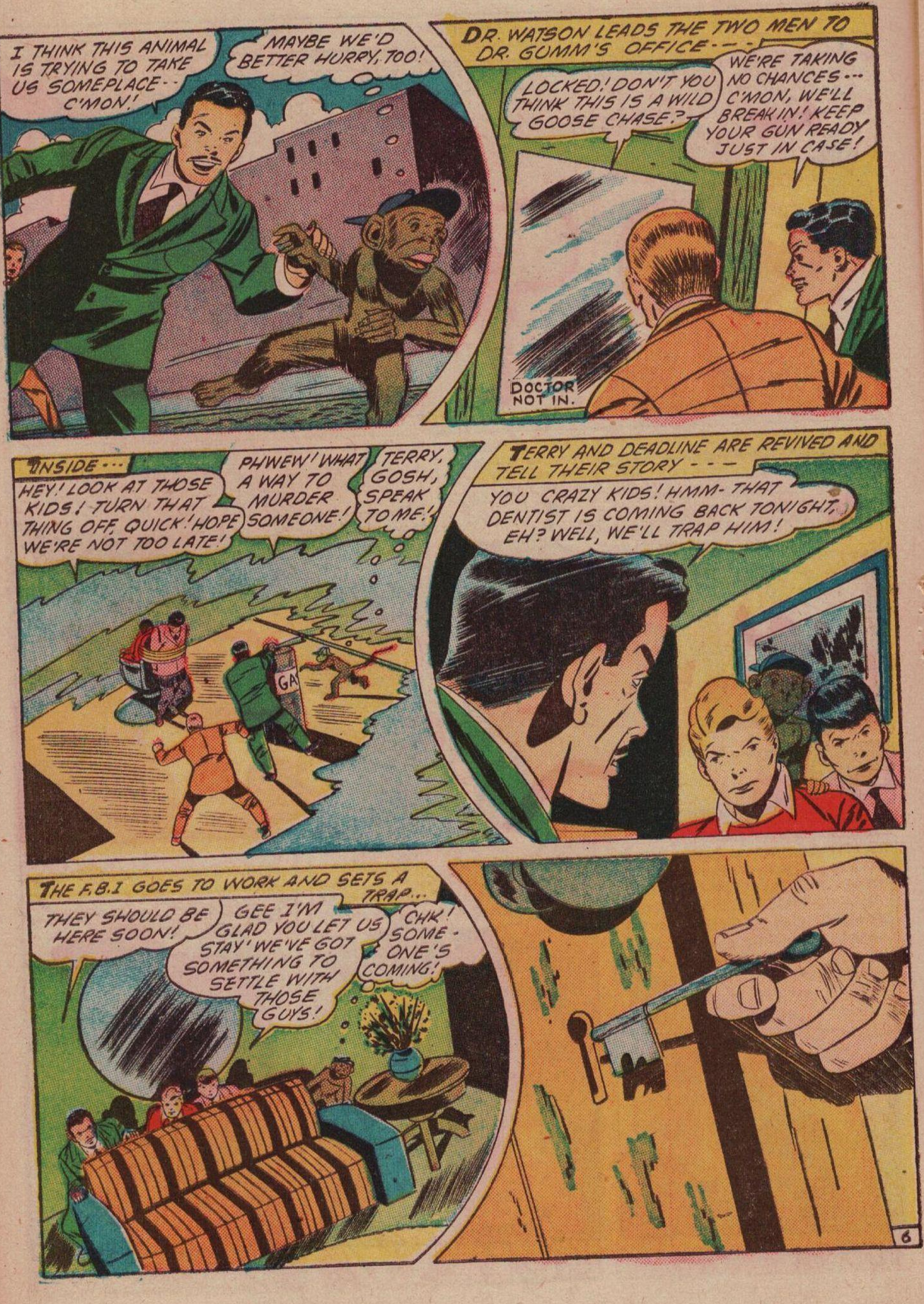

BRAZZZZZZZ!
DR. GUMM DENTIST
GAS
TERRY'S OLD DENTIST HAS BEEN DRAFTED SO HE FINDS HIMSELF A NEW ONE WHEN HE GETS A TOOTHACHE -- BUT IT TAKES DR. WATSON TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT THE REAL TROUBLE IS!
GOSH - I WONDER WHY PEOPLE HAVE TEETH ... WELL, ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN A TOOTHACHE, I GUESS!
SOMEHOW I DON'T LIKE THESE PLACES!
DR. GUMM
PAINLESS DENTIST
OFFICE HOURS
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT! DR. GUMM IS BUSY NOW.
OH THAT'S ALL RIGHT!
OF COURSE, WE COULD COME BACK TOMORROW!

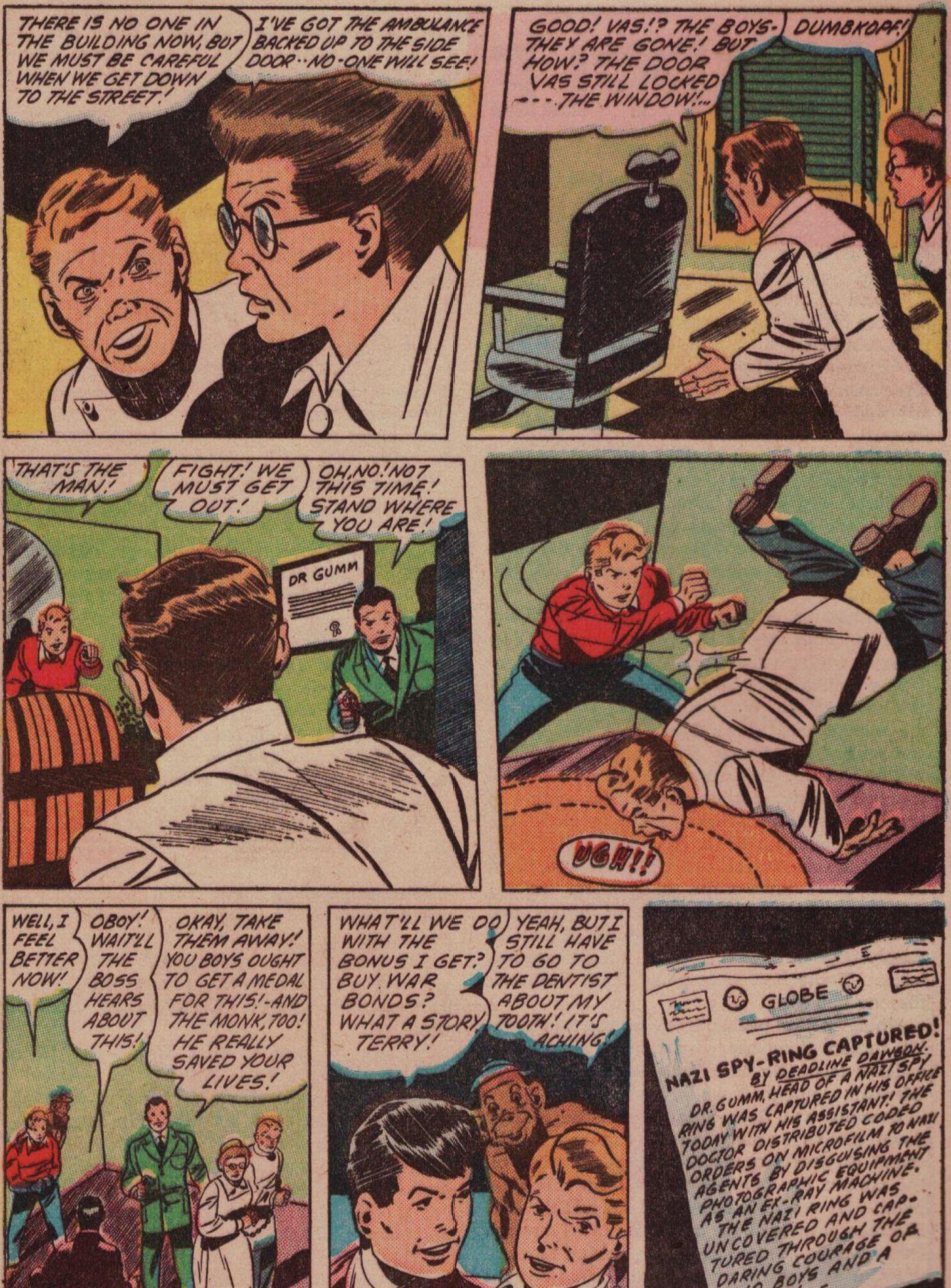

OH, IF I COULD ONLY READ...
I THINK WE'D BETTER TAKE AN EX-RAY OF THAT RIGHT NOW! MISS SCHOTT- WILL YOU PLEASE GET THE CAMERA READY--
MARVEL COMICS
LATER...
YOU CAN COME IN NOW!
HERE'S WHERE I LEAVE YOU--
HMM... HAD A BIT OF TROUBLE WITH THIS ONE, EH? WELL, WE MAY BE ABLE TO FIX IT-- BETTER HAVE AN EX-RAY TAKEN FIRST TO BE SURE!
UH-HUH!
I'LL MAKE AN APPOINTMENT FOR YOU AT THE EX-RAY CENTER! YOU CAN BRING THE PICTURE BACK TO ME!
MEANWHILE...
POOR TERRY-- I'M TOO NERVOUS TO SIT STILL.. THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND...
X-RAY DARK ROOM
DR. WATSON LOOKS FOR TROUBLE--
WHAT KIND OF TEETH ARE THESE SUPPOSED TO BE? SURE LOOK FUNNY... MAYBE TERRY WOULD KNOW! I'LL JUST BORROW ONE OF THESE THINGS TO SHOW HIM!
SOUNDS AS THOUGH TERRY'S READY TO LEAVE... MAYBE I'D BETTER KEEP THIS UNDER MY HAT UNTIL I GET HIM ALONE!
ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR, I'LL COME RIGHT BACK!


OUTSIDE . . .
CHK-CHK - HEY, TERRY- TAKE A LOOK AT THIS-
DR. WATSON, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE? YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD... HEY...LET ME SEE THAT!
HOLY SMOKES, DR WATSON, THIS ISN'T EX-RAY FILM! I THOUGHT IT WAS KIND OF FUNNY THAT HE'D SEND ME OUT TO HAVE ONE TAKEN WHEN HE'D JUST MADE ONE HIMSELF FOR THAT MAN WHO CAME IN BEFORE US! -- LET'S GET DEADLINE!
TERRY RUSHES RIGHT OVER TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE - - -
IT'S DARNED FUNNY! I'LL BET HE'S A SPY OR SOMETHING!
HA! HA! JUST BECAUSE A POOR DENTIST DOES A LITTLE DEVELOPING ON THE SIDE YOU KIDS MAKE A SPY OF HIM! GROW UP!
IT DOES SOUND QUEER, TERRY! I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT!
WELL, THIS DOESN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE THE STUFF A CAMERA FAN WOULD WASTE HIS TIME ON!
C'MON, TERRY, LET'S GET OVER TO YOUR PLACE AND ENLARGE IT!
IF THERE'S A STORY IN THAT, I'LL GIVE DEAD-LINE A BONUS! SPIES, HA! HA!
HEY, TERRY, THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE AT ALL --
OF COURSE NOT . . . IT'S CODE!
OH, BOY, I GOT A SCOOP!
WE'VE GOT TO REPORT THIS TO THE F.B.I. AT ONCE, TERRY!
YES, BUT SUPPOSE THAT DENTIST FINDS OUT IT'S GONE AND SKIPS? I THINK WE'D BETTER TAKE IT BACK FIRST!
THESE NEGATIVES ARE ALL THE SAME THING, SO ONE WILL DO AS WELL AS THE ROLL - I'LL JUST TAKE IT BACK AND ACT DUMB - I'LL TELL HIM THE MONKEY MUST HAVE SWIPED IT!
I'D BETTER GO WITH YOU - JUST IN CASE - - - BETTER LEAVE DR. WATSON HOME THIS TIME!
HEY, TERRY, ARE YOU GOING TO LET THIS NEWSHAWK SWIPE MY STORY?


TERRY AND DEADLINE PUT THE PLAN INTO EFFECT...
..SO I BROUGT IT RIGHT BACK TO YOU.
I DON'T TRUST THEM!
I DON'T THINK I DO EITHER!
LOCK THE DOOR!
HEY, NO YOU DON'T! C'MON, DEADLINE!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
CLICK!
NICE WORK!
YES, I THOUGHT THEY WERE WISE TO OUR GAME!
HELP! SPIES! HELP!
TERRY AND DEADLINE ARE NOT SO EASILY TAKEN...
LIGHT INTO THEM, DEADLINE, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
TAKE THEM INTO THE OPERATING ROOM!
YOU NAZI OCTOPUS, LET ME GO!
YOU YOUNG GORILLAS, THIS WILL HOLD YOU! IN HERE WITH THEM, QUICK!
CRACK!
YOU WILL LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO INTERFERE WITH THE THIRD REICH!
A LOT OF GOOD IT'LL DO THEM!
YOU ARE LUCKY, BOYS! THIS WILL NOT BE A PAINFUL WAY TO DIE! IT WILL SOON BE OVER AND TONIGHT WE WILL RETURN TO DISPOSE OF YOU!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE... I'LL PUT THE SIGN ON THE DOOR SO NO NOSEY PEOPLE WILL TRY TO BREAK IN!
GAS


DO YOU THINK THOSE BOYS SAID ANYTHING BEFORE THEY CAME BACK?
NO! IF THEY HAD, THEY'D HAVE WARNED US THAT WE'D BE CAUGHT! WE'RE SAVED BY THE STUPID COURAGE OF THESE AMERICANS!
DOCTOR IS OUT.
MEANTIME BACK IN TERRY'S DARKROOM ...
I DON'T THINK THAT THAT WAS SUCH A GOOD IDEA TERRY HAD! MAYBE I'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF THINGS! I COULD HOP OVER TO THE F.B.I WITH THIS ...
I OUGHT TO KNOW WHERE THIS PLACE IS, I'VE BEEN HERE OFTEN ENOUGH!
F.B.I.
DR. WATSON RUNS INTO TROUBLE!
CHK CHK! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THESE PEOPLE? I'M NOT TRYING TO BE FUNNY! OH-GOSH!
ISN'T HE CUTE - I WONDER OWNS HIM?
HEY WHAT'S HE GOT IN HIS HAND?
HERE, MONK, LET ME SEE THAT!
WELL ... AT LAST!! I THOUGHT SOMEBODY UP HERE WOULD HAVE A LITTLE SENSE!
SAY! THIS LOOKS LIKE A CODE OF SOME KIND! HERE, TAKE IT INTO THE LAB AND GET RIGHT TO WORK ON IT! SAY, MONK, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT? GOSH, IF YOU COULD ONLY TALK!
DON'T WORRY, I CAN SHOW YOU!
HEY, DICK, WE HAVEN'T DECODED THIS YET BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HOT STUFF!
YEAH-- WELL NOW WHAT?
OKAY! C'MON, I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THE PLACE IS!
5


I THINK THIS ANIMAL IS TRYING TO TAKE US SOMEPLACE-- C'MON!
MAYBE WE'D BETTER HURRY, TOO!
DR. WATSON LEADS THE TWO MEN TO DR. GUMM'S OFFICE---
LOCKED! DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS A WILD GOOSE CHASE?
WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES--- C'MON, WE'LL BREAK IN! KEEP YOUR GUN READY JUST IN CASE!
DOCTOR NOT IN.
INSIDE---
HEY! LOOK AT THOSE KIDS! TURN THAT THING OFF, QUICK! HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
PHWEW! WHAT A WAY TO MURDER SOMEONE!
TERRY. GOSH, SPEAK TO ME!
GA
TERRY AND DEADLINE ARE REVIVED AND TELL THEIR STORY---
YOU CRAZY KIDS! HMM- THAT DENTIST IS COMING BACK TONIGHT, EH? WELL, WE'LL TRAP HIM!
THE F.B.I GOES TO WORK AND SETS A TRAP...
THEY SHOULD BE HERE SOON!
GEE I'M GLAD YOU LET US STAY! WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SETTLE WITH THOSE GUYS!
CHK! SOME-ONE'S COMING!


THERE IS NO ONE IN THE BUILDING NOW, BUT WE MUST BE CAREFUL WHEN WE GET DOWN TO THE STREET!
I'VE GOT THE AMBULANCE BACKED UP TO THE SIDE DOOR--NO-ONE WILL SEE!
GOOD! VAS!? THE BOYS-THEY ARE GONE! BUT HOW? THE DOOR VAS STILL LOCKED---THE WINDOW!...
DUMBKOPF!
THAT'S THE MAN!
FIGHT! WE MUST GET OUT!
OH, NO! NOT THIS TIME! STAND WHERE YOU ARE!
DR GUMM
UGH!!
WELL, I FEEL BETTER NOW!
OBOY! WAIT'LL THE BOSS HEARS ABOUT THIS!
OKAY, TAKE THEM AWAY! YOU BOYS OUGHT TO GET A MEDAL FOR THIS!-AND THE MONK, TOO! HE REALLY SAVED YOUR LIVES!
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE BONUS I GET? BUY WAR BONDS? WHAT A STORY, TERRY!
YEAH, BUT I STILL HAVE TO GO TO THE DENTIST ABOUT MY TOOTH! IT'S ACHING!
GLOBE
NAZI SPY-RING CAPTURED!
BY DEADLINE DAWSON.
DR. GUMM, HEAD OF A NAZI SPY RING WAS CAPTURED IN HIS OFFICE TODAY WITH HIS ASSISTANT! THE DOCTOR DISTRIBUTED CODED ORDERS ON MICROFILM TO NAZI AGENTS BY DISGUISING THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT AS AN EX-RAY MACHINE. THE NAZI RING WAS UNCOVERED AND CAPTURED THROUGH THE DARING COURAGE OF TWO BOYS AND A MONKEY--

AN APPLE A DAY--

THE BIG car pulled over to the side of the road, just past where Slim had his little stand of candied apples. He wished they'd be more careful the way they drove up, and not raise so much dust. So far today there had been few customers. Now he could see there were three men in the car. It was backing up. Slim adjusted his best salesmanship smile, walked forward.

"How many, mister?" Slim inquired, peering in. "Three?"

"Three what?" the man beside the driver asked, dark eyes scowling past Slim. "Oh. Apples. . . . Okay, make it three. Is this the right road to the new dam? I guess we took the wrong turn."

Slim nodded, returned with the apples. "Thirty cents. And this road'll get you there. You going to work on the dam?"

The man took three dimes out of a handful of silver. "Yeah. We're engineers." He dropped the money into Slim's hand, took the apples and said, "Okay, Runt. Step on it."

Slim slid the three dimes into his pocket. He watched the car pick up speed, vanish into the lowering evening darkness. The smell of the dust died out and in its place came the sweet odor of the woods, the hills. Slowly Slim's eyes drifted north toward the place where the big dam was. It had cost millions of dollars, and would irrigate the big valley south as well as supply huge quantities of power for defense factories. Those men were going there, engineers the one had said.

Uneasily Slim packed away his stock-in-trade. He turned along the road toward the village, walking fast. He hoped the car would stop at Glendale. Just for a while, anyhow.

Evening was deepening when Slim walked down the wide, dusty street, listening to the sound of tinned music from Bert's Tavern on the corner, the hum of voices from the hotel porch. He reached the general store at the end. H'd seen nothing of the car. He turned into the store, the screen door slamming behind him.

From behind the counter Ike Carson nodded a welcome. "What's yuh have, Slim? How's business today?"

"Punk." Slim leaned on the counter toward Ike. "Did anyone come in here? Three men in a big car? They stopped to buy apples from me. They wanted to know about the new dam. Said they were engineers."

Ike scowled. "What yuh askin' me fer? How'm I supposed t'know—"

"I was just wondering if maybe they'd have taken one of your cabins for the night," Slim explained patiently. "I didn't believe 'em. We should notify the troopers—"

"Don't get all het up about strangers. They're probably engineers, an' I wouldn't go botherin' the troopers. They've got enough to worry about."

Unconvinced, Slim turned away, holding his bag of apples. He headed through the door into the warm darkness beyond. Fireflies made tiny flitting lights before him, like diamonds against a setting of black plush. Slim felt hot around the collar. Maybe it was foolish. And maybe—

Someone said, "Take the next turn, kid. And don't holler. If you do, it'll be the last time!"

FOR a split second something cold ran down Slim's spine. He made the corner and turned down the dusty road that led into the hills. He could hear footsteps back of him, and chanced a quick look over his shoulder. His heart squeezed into a lump and expanded with a bang. The man behind him was the one who'd bought the candied apples. The one who was supposed to be an engineer.

"W-what're you going to do?" Slim sputtered in a shaky voice. "Look, mister—"

"You look. Where you're going. And don't try anything. I'm faster with this shooting iron than you are on the take off. Unless you've got wings in your heels and a bullet-proof vest!"

Slim kept going. His mind was numbed, dazed. What had happened? Where'd this big guy come from and why?

The big guy said, "I heard you talking to that old coot in the store, kid. I stopped in to buy some smokes and grub. Lucky I hung around a while."

"Where we going?" Slim demanded. "You guys aren't engineers—"

"We're engineers all right. Here to do a job on that new dam. A big job. The bigger the better. Understand?"

Slim didn't answer. The trail took them around a bend to Ike's tourist cabins. The big guy guided Slim to one, kicked open the door and shoved him through.

"Hey," the big man said. "Here's the kid. I caught him in the store. He got wise and spilled!"

Slim blinked around. He saw the one called the Runt, and another man with a crooked jaw and shifty black eyes. Slim warned, "You guys better not try anything. There's troopers watching the dam. If they catch you—"

"Yeah," Slim's captor admitted. "So it looks like we better be on the move. We'll take his nibs here along. He might be a good bodyguard!"

SLIM clamped his jaws together to keep his teeth from chattering; watched for a chance, any chance, to take it on the lam. But they weren't letting him. They had a few things around the little shack, things they collected fast. Someone turned out the light and they pushed outside, started away—

"Hold it!" a sharp voice warned. "Don't move!"

The answer was a smashing report, a yelp of pain. Twice more guns went off with sharp cracks. Next instant Slim felt someone grab him, whirl him around and shove him away through the dark.

A sullen voice snarled, "Run! If you stop or let out a peep, I'll blow the head off your shoulders!"

Slim ran till his legs were like lead and his lungs felt on fire. Finally they paused to listen, while the Runt looked back down the dim trail, his stocky, twisted shoulders framed against the evening sky. His left hand was clamped on Slim's shoulder like a vise, his right held a revolver.

"Okay," he snarled. "They got Pete and Cliff. It doesn't make much difference. I can handle this job alone . . . and collect for myself instead of splitting it three ways. You lead. And remember . . . no funny stuff!"

Doggedly Slim led. The trail wound into the hills. He knew it like the palm of his hand, and so did Ike Carson and the other folk in the village. But would they be able to form a posse and follow in time to prevent the impending disaster? The Runt was intent upon smashing the dam. Slim hadn't seen the car. Probably they'd been smart and had hidden it, and in it there would be explosives with which to do this job. The Runt would locate and blow the dam up. When that was done—

They moved on through the darkness, and Slim's hand sneaked into the bag of apples. The Runt stopped every now and then to look back, and that gave Slim his chance. When they came to places where the trail forked, Slim managed to get an apple out of the bag.

Hopefully Slim led the way to a shack back in a ravine and here the Runt paused. He snarled, "The dam's over the next ridge, ain't it?"

Slim nodded. "You can't do nothing this way—"

The Runt laughed. "We're smart, kid. I had the stuff bunked where I can find it . . . even if they do find the car. We'll stop here a while. By the time they get started . . . I'll be all finished up. They'll have to wait for daylight before they can organize a search party!" He reached out and shoved the door open—

BACK down the trail a rifle cracked sharply. The slug chugged into the wood of the shack. The Runt gave a startled yell. He flung Slim ahead of him and leaped through into the dark of the shack.

Again a rifle barked against the still night. Another slug buried itself in the frame of the window and the Runt peered around the edge, revolver poised in his hand. Carefully he took aim, fired. The crash of the shot filled the shack.

Resolutely Slim knelt against the back wall. His heart was hammering and sweat stung his eyes. Sooner or later one of those .30-30 slugs would plough through the wall, would find the Runt's twisted body. But if it didn't happen in time—

The Runt stumbled away from the window. "It's no use!" he chattered. "They'll surround us. We're getting out!" He turned toward Slim. "*You're* going in front of me. For a bullet-stop. They'll get you but I'll make the woods and scram. I gotta work fast. Come on, kid. Let's go!"

Runt reached out. He still carried his gun but it was pointed down. Slim acted fast. He caught that outstretched hand and jerked with everything he had. The Runt yelled sharply, went sailing past and crashed against the wall. He dropped to the floor, started blindly to his knees—

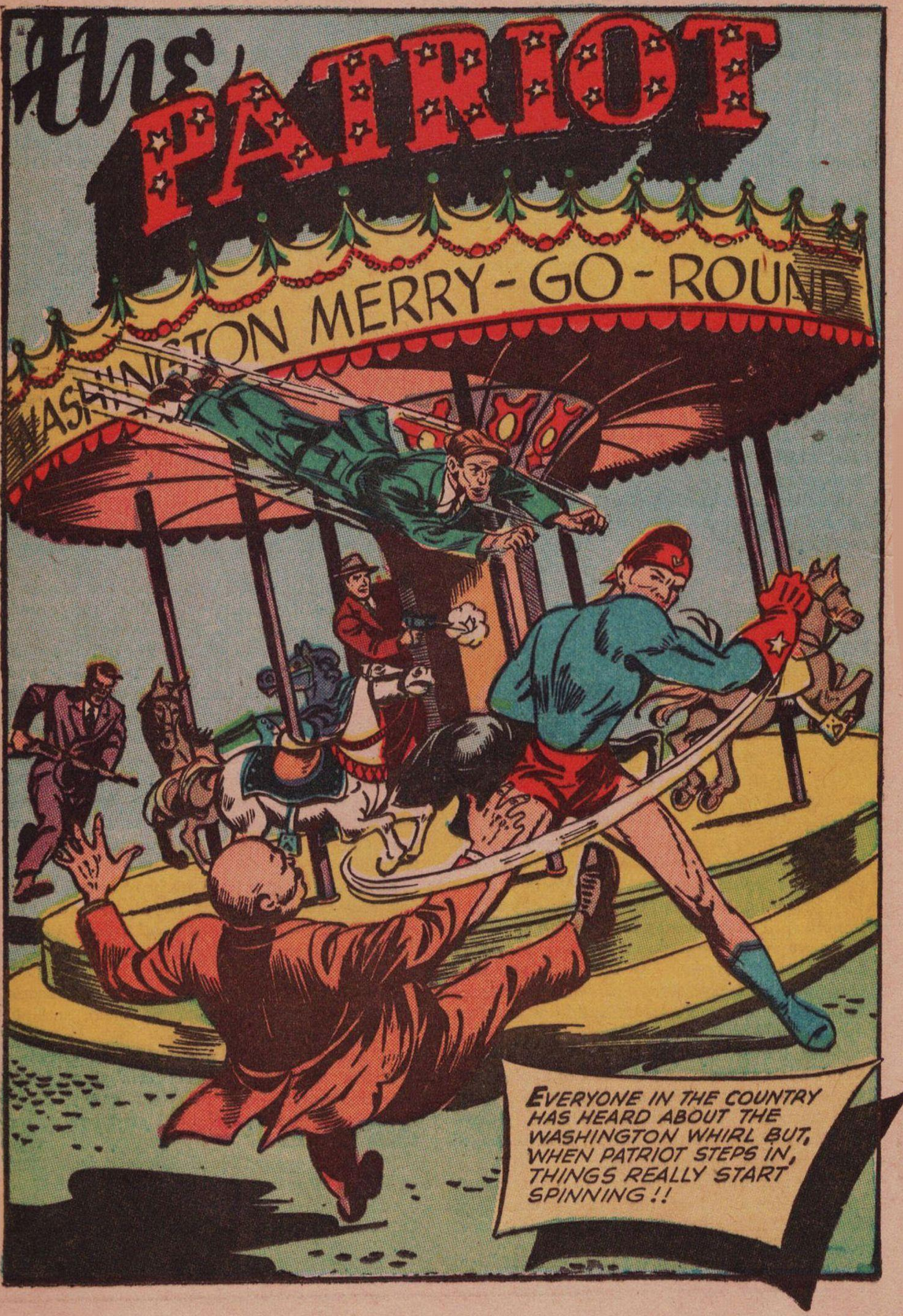
Slim caught up a hunk of stove wood. It was oak and heavy. Swiftly he stepped in and struck. The blow was square and the Runt dropped to his face and lay still.

ROUGHLY clad men milled into the shack. The troopers were among them, and old Ike Carson.

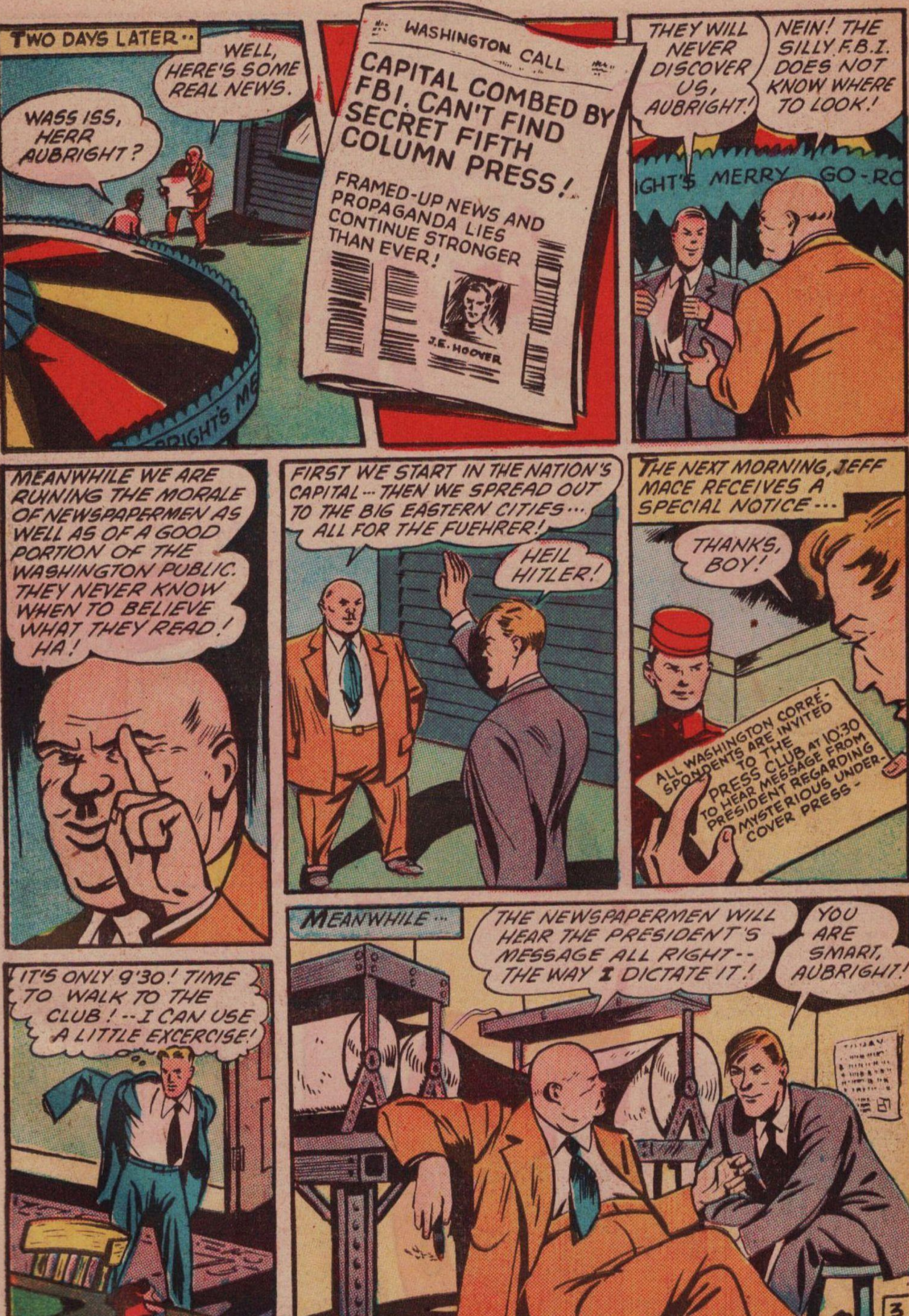
"These danged city gangsters," Ike growled. "Thinkin' they kin come rip-rarin' through the hills this-away. Slim was right, only I didn't fix on faith in his story till I seed one of 'em follow him outside!"

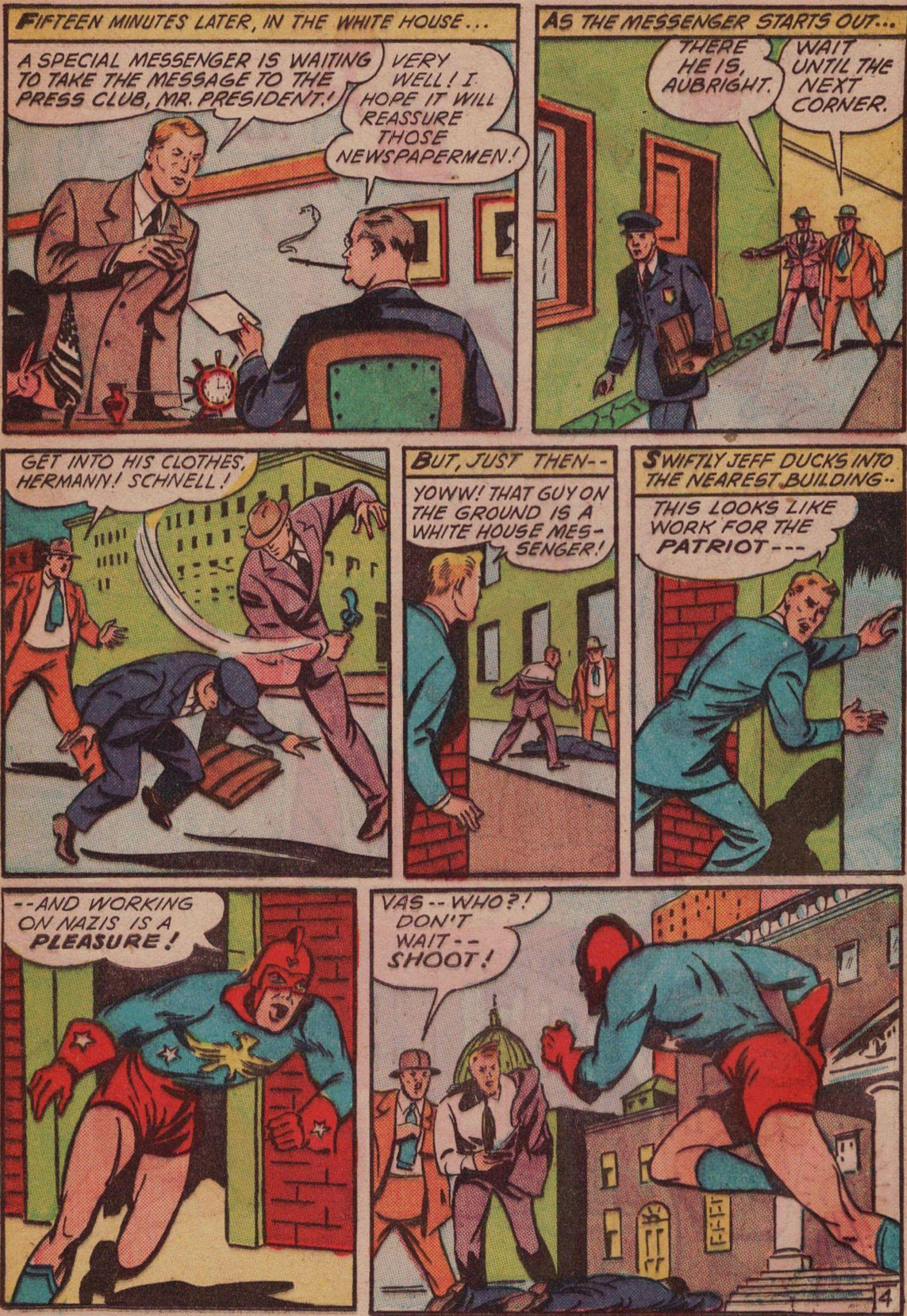
The Runt opened blood-shot eyes, fixed them on Slim. "You're the one who did it," the Runt accused. "*You* fixed it so they followed us here. Otherwise they'd never have been able to!"

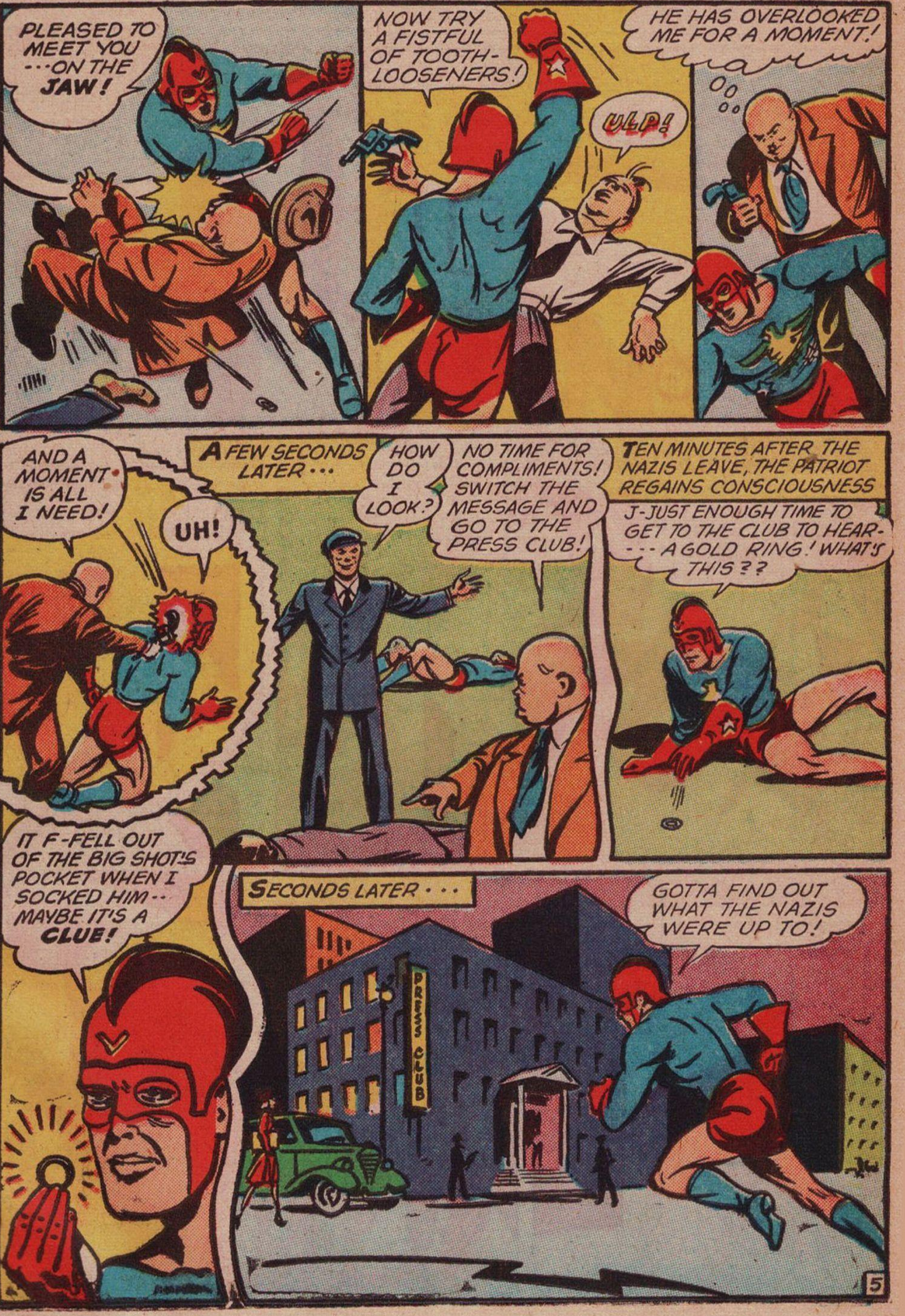
THE END

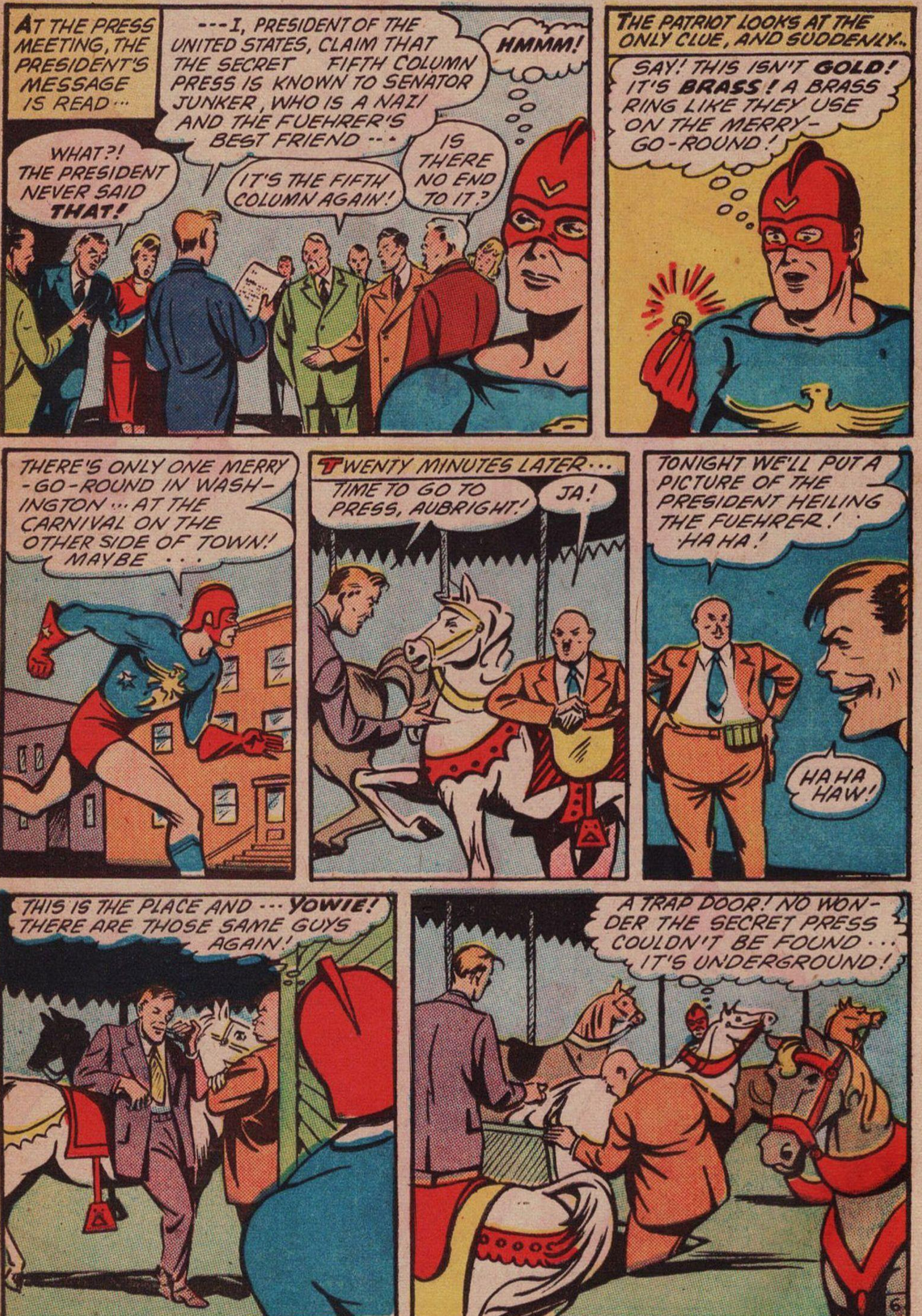

The PATRIOT
WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND
EVERYONE IN THE COUNTRY HAS HEARD ABOUT THE WASHINGTON WHIRL BUT, WHEN PATRIOT STEPS IN, THINGS REALLY START SPINNING!!

JEFF MACE, WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR THE DAILY PLANET GETS A SURPRISE...
HOLY SMOKES I NEVER WROTE **THAT!**
DAILY PLANET
NAZIS DESERVE SYMPATHY
BY JEFF MACE
I'M GOING TO THE PRESS CLUB TO FIND OUT HOW THIS HAPPENED!
AT THE PRESS CLUB--
WHAT GOES? I WRITE ONE THING AN' THE RAG PRINTS SOMEP'N ELSE!
NEVER SAW THAT STUFF BEFORE-- BUT THE PAPER PRINTS IT OVER MY BY-LINE!
HI, JEFF!
SEEMS I'M NOT THE ONLY REPORTER IN THIS MESS... MAYBE CASEY CAN TELL ME SOMETHING!
RECT
IRE
AILY
ANET
BUT CASEY CAN'T!
NOTHIN' WRONG WITH THE NEW YORK EDITIONS, JEFF! ... MAYBE YOU JUST DON'T **SEE STRAIGHT!** BYE.
I DON'T GET IT! WHOEVER'S DOING THE DIRTY WORK MUST BE RIGHT HERE IN WASHINGTON!
MUST HAVE A MIGHTY POWERFUL UNDERCOVER PRESS, TOO... IMITATING THE FRONT PAGES OF BIG PAPERS TO PRINT STUFF THAT SUITS THEMSELVES! GOSH!
PRESS
PLANS


TWO DAYS LATER..
WELL, HERE'S SOME REAL NEWS.
WASS ISS, HERR AUBRIGHT?
AUBRIGHT'S ME
WASHINGTON CALL
CAPITAL COMBED BY FBI, CAN'T FIND SECRET FIFTH COLUMN PRESS!
FRAMED-UP NEWS AND PROPAGANDA LIES CONTINUE STRONGER THAN EVER!
J.E. HOOVER
THEY WILL NEVER DISCOVER US, AUBRIGHT!
NEIN! THE SILLY F.B.I. DOES NOT KNOW WHERE TO LOOK!
IGHT'S MERRY GO-RO
MEANWHILE WE ARE RUINING THE MORALE OF NEWSPAPERMEN AS WELL AS OF A GOOD PORTION OF THE WASHINGTON PUBLIC. THEY NEVER KNOW WHEN TO BELIEVE WHAT THEY READ! HA!
FIRST WE START IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL -- THEN WE SPREAD OUT TO THE BIG EASTERN CITIES... ALL FOR THE FUEHRER!
HEIL HITLER!
THE NEXT MORNING, JEFF MACE RECEIVES A SPECIAL NOTICE...
THANKS, BOY!
ALL WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS ARE INVITED TO THE PRESS CLUB AT 10:30 TO HEAR MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT REGARDING MYSTERIOUS UNDER-COVER PRESS -
IT'S ONLY 9'30! TIME TO WALK TO THE CLUB! --I CAN USE A LITTLE EXCERCISE!
MEANWHILE...
THE NEWSPAPERMEN WILL HEAR THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ALL RIGHT -- THE WAY I DICTATE IT!
YOU ARE SMART, AUBRIGHT!


FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, IN THE WHITE HOUSE...
A SPECIAL MESSENGER IS WAITING TO TAKE THE MESSAGE TO THE PRESS CLUB, MR. PRESIDENT!
VERY WELL! I HOPE IT WILL REASSURE THOSE NEWSPAPERMEN!
AS THE MESSENGER STARTS OUT...
THERE HE IS, AUBRIGHT.
WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT CORNER.
GET INTO HIS CLOTHES, HERMANN! SCHNELL!
BUT, JUST THEN--
YOWW! THAT GUY ON THE GROUND IS A WHITE HOUSE MESSENGER!
SWIFTLY JEFF DUCKS INTO THE NEAREST BUILDING--
THIS LOOKS LIKE WORK FOR THE **PATRIOT**---
--AND WORKING ON NAZIS IS A **PLEASURE**!
VAS--WHO?! DON'T WAIT--**SHOOT**!


PLEASED TO MEET YOU ---ON THE **JAW**!
NOW TRY A FISTFUL OF TOOTH-LOOSENERS!
ULP!
HE HAS OVERLOOKED ME FOR A MOMENT!
AND A MOMENT IS ALL I NEED!
UH!
A FEW SECONDS LATER ···
HOW DO I LOOK?
NO TIME FOR COMPLIMENTS! SWITCH THE MESSAGE AND GO TO THE PRESS CLUB!
TEN MINUTES AFTER THE NAZIS LEAVE, THE PATRIOT REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS
J-JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GET TO THE CLUB TO HEAR- --- A GOLD RING! WHAT'S THIS ??
IT F-FELL OUT OF THE BIG SHOT'S POCKET WHEN I SOCKED HIM -- MAYBE IT'S A **CLUE**!
SECONDS LATER ···
PRESS CLUB
GOTTA FIND OUT WHAT THE NAZIS WERE UP TO!


AT THE PRESS MEETING, THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IS READ...
---I, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, CLAIM THAT THE SECRET FIFTH COLUMN PRESS IS KNOWN TO SENATOR JUNKER, WHO IS A NAZI AND THE FUEHRER'S BEST FRIEND ---
HMMM!
WHAT?! THE PRESIDENT NEVER SAID **THAT!**
IT'S THE FIFTH COLUMN AGAIN!
IS THERE NO END TO IT?
THE PATRIOT LOOKS AT THE ONLY CLUE, AND SUDDENLY..
SAY! THIS ISN'T **GOLD!** IT'S **BRASS!** A BRASS RING LIKE THEY USE ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND!
THERE'S ONLY ONE MERRY-GO-ROUND IN WASHINGTON... AT THE CARNIVAL ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN! MAYBE . . .
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
TIME TO GO TO PRESS, AUBRIGHT!
JA!
TONIGHT WE'LL PUT A PICTURE OF THE PRESIDENT HEILING THE FUEHRER! HA HA!
HA HA HAW!
THIS IS THE PLACE AND --- **YOWIE!** THERE ARE THOSE SAME GUYS AGAIN!
A TRAP DOOR! NO WONDER THE SECRET PRESS COULDN'T BE FOUND.. IT'S UNDERGROUND!

SO! AS THE MERRY-GO-ROUND ABOVE ROTATES ON IT'S TURNTABLE, IT OPERATES THE PRINTING PRESS BY THIS TRANSMISSION GEAR. THE CAROUSEL COVERS THE NOISE AT THE SAME TIME! WHEW!
HAHAHA! DIS ISS GOOD! THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES HEILING THE FUEHRER!
HA HAHA!
THEY THINK THAT'S FUNNY, EH?
THE PATRIOT GOES INTO ACTION...
LET'S SEE YOU GET A LAUGH OUT OF THIS!
WHAAA..?
HERE'S WHERE YOU MAKE THE FRONT PAGE-- WITH HAND-CUFFS!
THAT DOES IT! NOW I'LL INFORM THE F.B.I. ... AND MY PAPER!
OW!
THE NEXT MORNING ... EDITOR CASEY LETS OUT A WHOOP!
HOT DIGGETY! THE BIGGEST SCOOP IN YEARS!
GOOD OLD JEFF!
DAILY PLANET
PATRIOT UNCOVERS WASHINGTON UNDERGROUND PRESS
by JEFF MACE
The END

Miss AMERICA
MADELINE JOYCE, A GENTLE SLIP OF A GIRL, EAGER TO TO HELP THE POOR AND OPPRESSED, IS GIFTED WITH FOUR STRANGE POWERS TO HELP HER FIGHT THE GREAT BATTLE AGAINST ALL EVIL-- THE **POWER** TO FLY---- THE **STRENGTH** OF A THOUSAND MEN-- **X-RAY VISION** AND THE **WISDOM** OF THE AGES! A NEW CHAMPION OF **RIGHT** AGAINST **MIGHT** FLASHES ACROSS THE DARKENED SKIES OF A TROUBLED UNIVERSE-- READ THIS AMAZING TALE OF **MISS AMERICA** VERSUS THE
"PINHEADED KILLER!"

IT'S BEGINNING TO POUR! BETTER COME UP WITH ME!
NO THANKS, UNCLE JIM! I LOVE WALKING IN THE RAIN! I'LL BE BACK HERE BY THE TIME YOU GET THRU!
123
MADELINE, HER SLIM BODY LEANING AGAINST THE WIND, MAKES HER WAY CROSS TOWN, TOWARD THE WATERFRONT!
OOPS! I'M SORRY!
OH!
OH! SHE'S BLIND!
OH! IT'S A GIRL! LISTEN, PLEASE! YOU MUST HELP ME!
SUDDENLY- A MAN RUSHES UPON THEM, AND PUSHING MADELINE OUT OF THE WAY, STARTS TO DRAG THE BLIND GIRL OFF!
SO! HERE YOU ARE! COME ALONG WITH ME! AND DON'T YOU INTERFERE!
OUCH! YOU'RE HURTING ME!
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER--OOF!
AS THE BURLY BRUTE HERDING THE BLIND GIRL, VANISHES INTO THE RAIN, MADELINE ACTS!
THAT POOR GIRL NEEDS HELP, AND MISS AMERICA IS GOING TO SEE THAT SHE GETS IT!
THERE THEY GO INTO THAT WAREHOUSE!
ZOOM!

MISS AMERICA DASHES INTO THE BUILDING JUST AS THE ELEVATOR DOOR SLAMS SHUT!
OOPS! JUST MISSED! NO INDICATOR TO TELL ME WHAT FLOOR -- I THINK I'LL TAKE TO THE AIR!
SLAM!
AND AS SHE TURNS TO THE DOOR---
VOT YOU WANT HERE?
OH, OH! A WELCOMING COMMITTEE!
ZOOM!
NEVER HALTING HER RUSH TO THE STREET, MISS AMERICA IS UPON THE ARMED THUGS WITH A BEWILDERING SPEED!
AFTER HANGING ONE MUG ON A CONVENIENT HOOK, MISS AMERICA TURNS TO THE OTHER CRINGING NAZI---
COME ON, RAT! TALK AND TALK FAST!
DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! I'M TELLING THE TRUTH! THIS ELEVATOR LEADS TO THE PENTHOUSE ON THE ROOF!
I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO HANGING 'TILL I GET BACK AND I'LL GET TO THE ROOF MY OWN WAY!

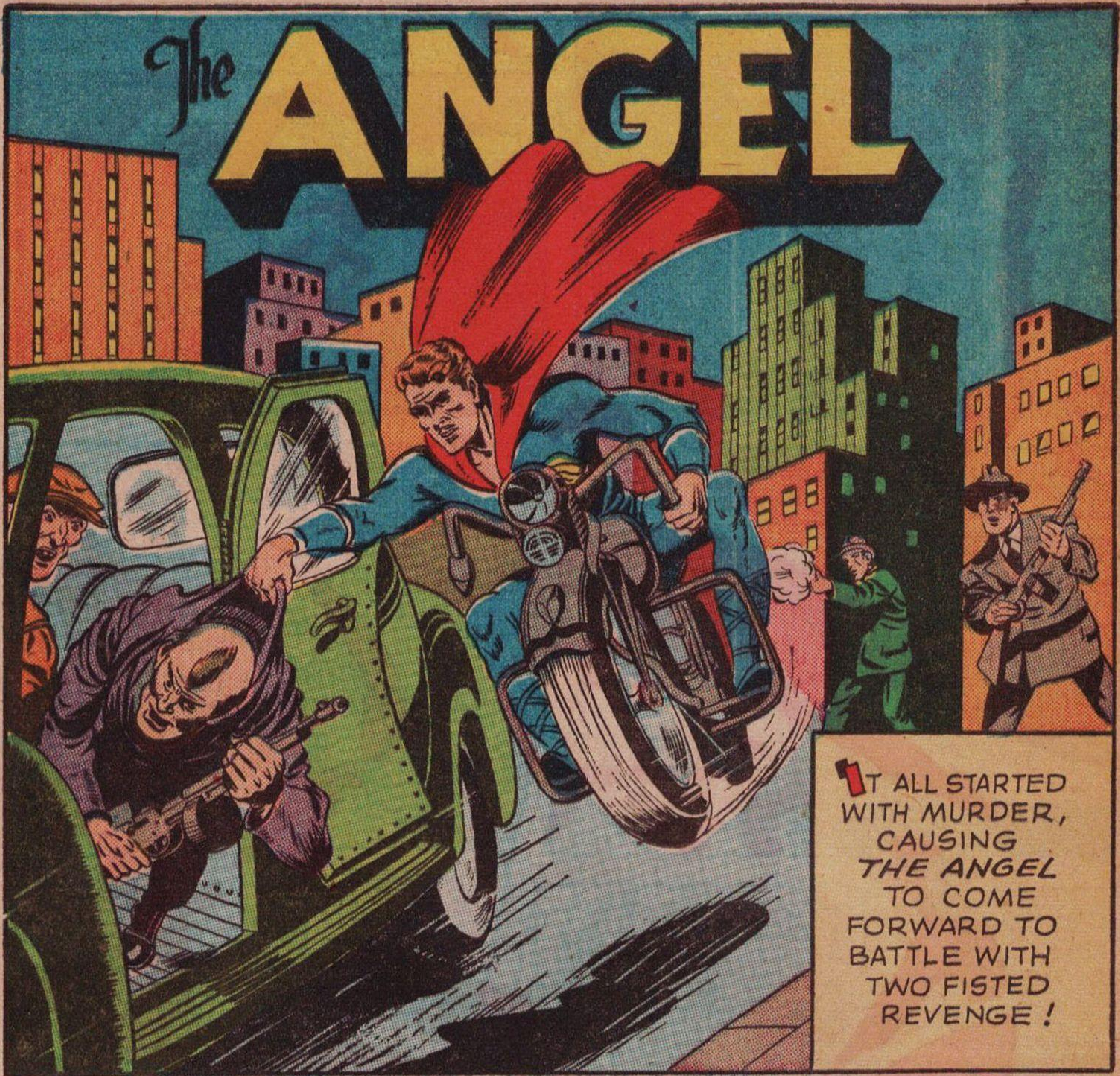
AH! THERE'S THE PENTHOUSE! NOW TO SEE WHY THE BLIND GIRL WANTED HELP!
ZOOM!
AND IN THE PENTHOUSE!
STOP! I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THE MODEL IS!
NO, DON'T DO IT, GRANDPA!
HEH, HEH! TALK!
BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, MISS AMERICA STRIKES!
O.K., SNAKES--THE TORTURE HOUR IS OVER!
SHE IS FASTER THAN MY BULLETS!
MISS AMERICA, BUSY POLISHING OFF ONE OF THE THUGS, FAILS TO SEE THE HEAVY TABLE HURTLE THRU THE AIR AND----
HA, HA! THIS WILL FINISH HER!
BOP!

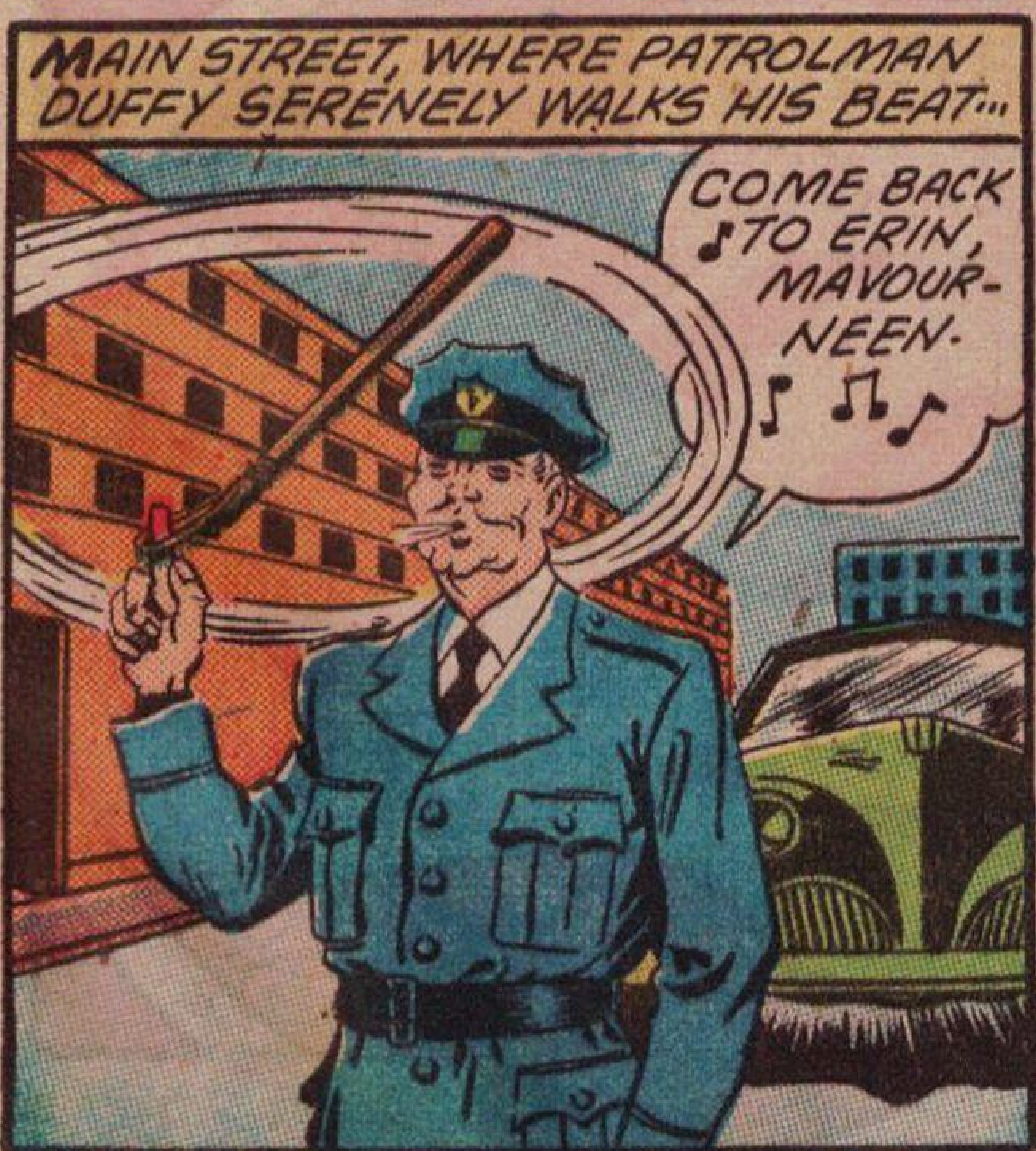
MISS AMERICA, RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS BY THE BLOW, IS CARRIED TOWARD THE ELEVATOR SHAFT---
WHY NOT TOSS HER DOWN?
NO, TAKE HER TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT!
TIE HER ON THE RECOIL SPRING! HER BODY WILL BE CRUSHED TO A PULP AFTER WE SEND THE ELEVATOR CRASHING DOWN TWENTY STORIES!
QUICKLY, MAKING HIS WAY UP, THE CRUEL NAZI LEADER CUTS THRU THE CABLE HOLDING THE CAR TWENTY STORIES ABOVE!
THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF MISS AMERICA! THEN I'LL GET THE SECRET MODEL AND GET AWAY! HA-HA!
THE HURTLING CAR ACTING LIKE A PISTON IN THE NARROW SHAFT, FORCES DOWN A STREAM OF AIR, THAT REVIVES THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL!
AS THE LAST STRAND OF THE CABLE PARTS, THE HEAVY CAR PLUMETS DOWN WITH A RUSH OF SPEED TOWARD MISS AMERICA!
OUCH! MY HEAD! WHAT THE -- THE ELEVATOR'S FALLING!
SUMMONING ALL HER STRENGTH, MISS AMERICA BURSTS HER BONDS AND ROLLS FROM THE TOP OF THE SPRING--
SWOOSH!
OOPS! INCHES TO SPARE!
SNAP!
SNAP!
SNAP!

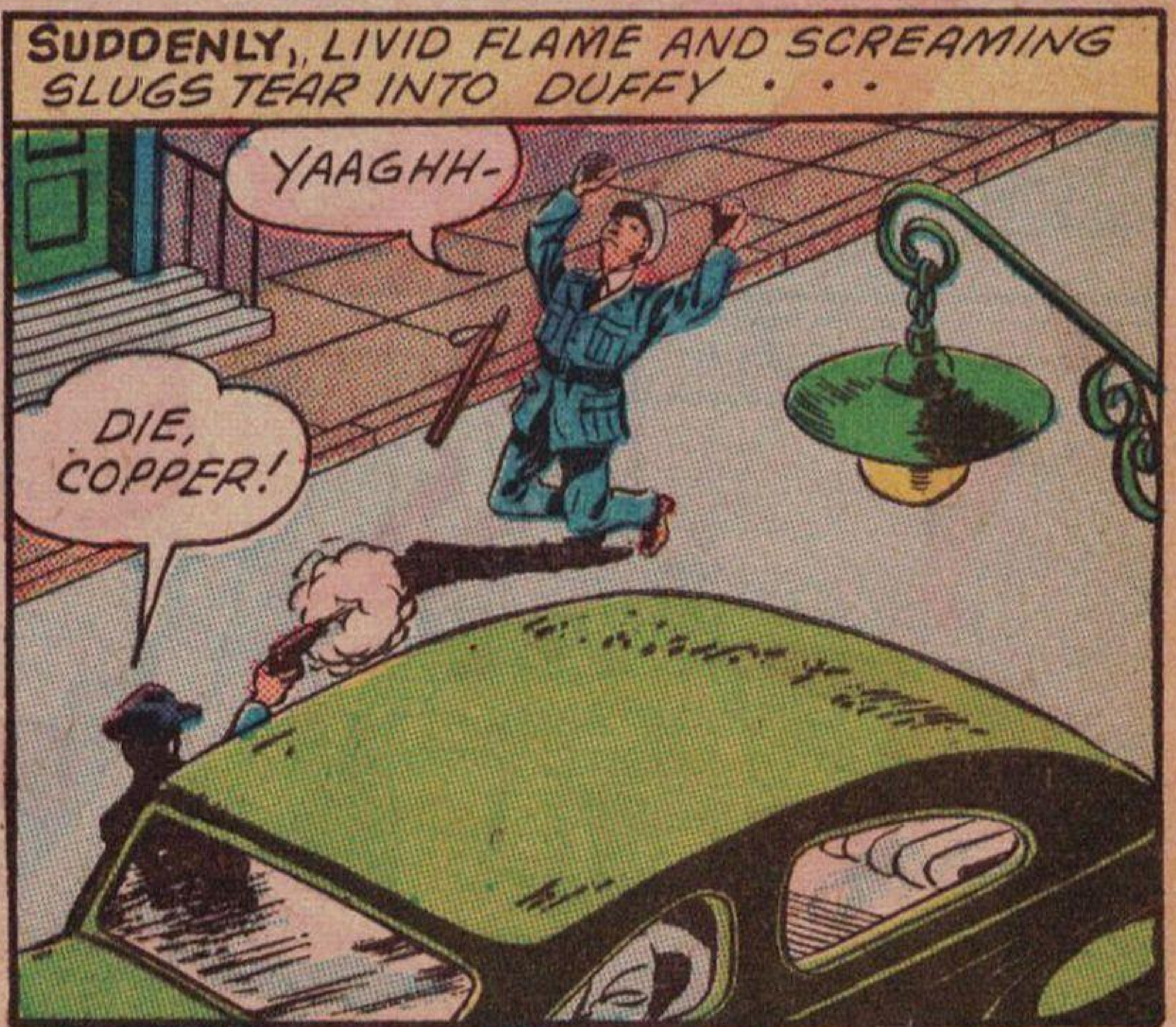
CRASH!
TALK ABOUT A CLOSE SHAVE! THAT WAS IT!
SECONDS LATER -- MISS AMERICA CLIMBS UP THRU THE WRECKAGE AND FORCES THE DOOR OPEN AT THE FIRST LANDING!
WON'T THOSE RATS BE SURPRISED TO SEE LITTLE ME AGAIN!
OH, GRANDPA! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE --
HA-HA! WITH THIS AIR TRANSFORMER, OUR NAZI FLYERS CAN FLY WITHOUT OXYGEN MASKS! WHAT -- THE GIRL??
HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE?
IN DESPERATION, THE FOUR MUGS ATTACK WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS!
I'VE GOT TO KEEP AN EYE ON THAT PINHEAD! OH, OH! THERE HE GOES WITH THE MODEL!
THEY CAN'T STOP HER! I MUST ESCAPE WITH THIS MODEL!

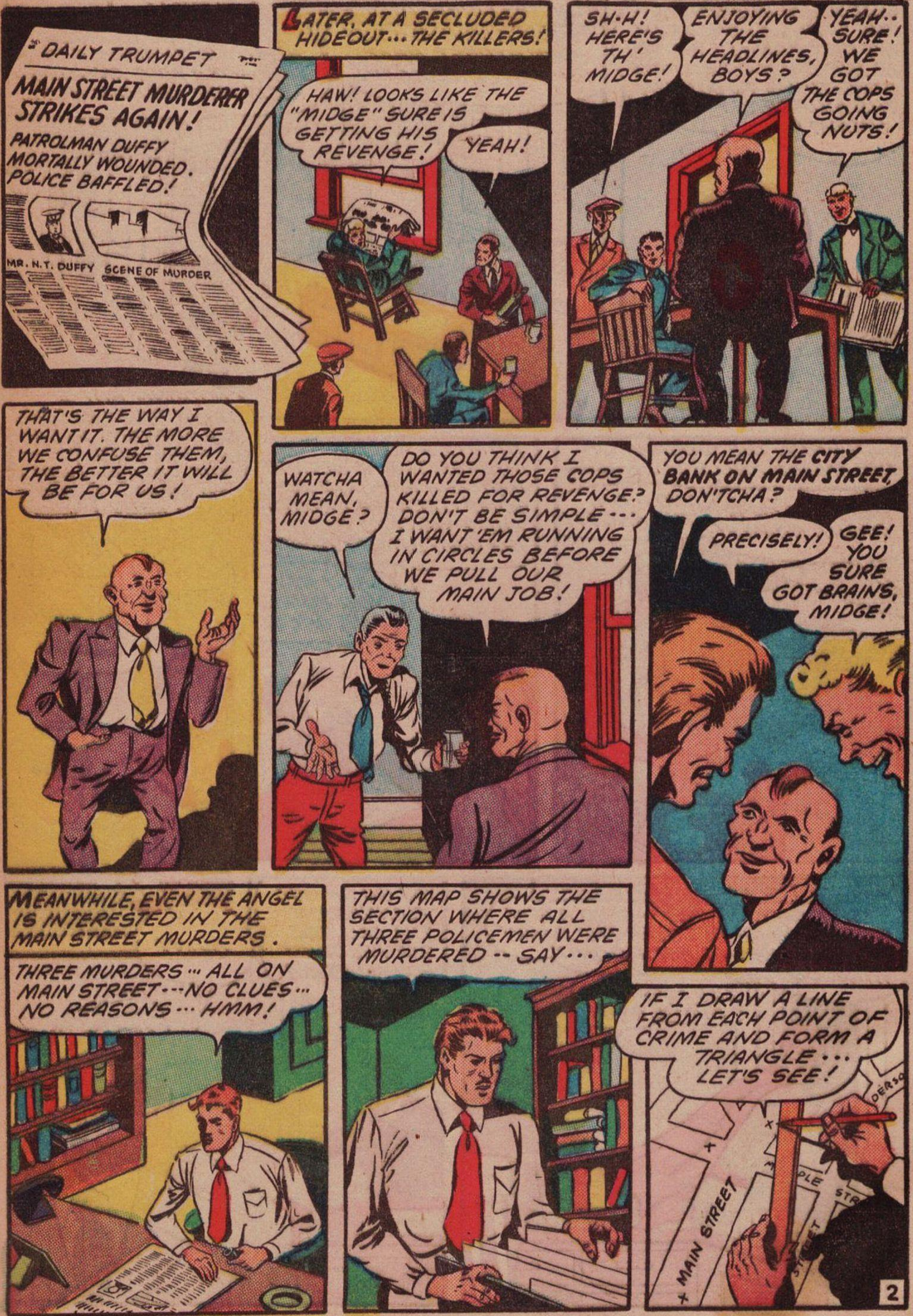
OH, HE'S GOING TO TO TRY AND JUMP TO THAT OTHER BUILDING!
PINHEAD GOING BACK FROM MISS AMERICA'S BLOW, CLUTCHES WILDLY AT HER BODY!
ZOOM!
BUT MISS AMERICA ELUDES HIS GRASP!
ZOOM!
AIHE-E-E! I'M FALLING!
AND DOWN TOWARD THE PAVEMENT, TWENTY STORIES BELOW, PLUNGES THE NAZI LEADER!
ZOOM!
I SHOULD LET YOU SMASH THAT UGLY CARCASS OF YOURS---
BUT I CAN'T LET A KILLER LIKE YOU DIE SO EASY A DEATH!
ZOOM!
A MOMENT LATER---
LAST SNAKE ADDED TO THE COLLECTION!
MY GRANDDAUGHTER UNTIED ME AND I'VE CALLED THE POLICE--
SORRY I CAN'T WAIT! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK FROM A WALK--SO LONG!
WAIT! WE HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO THANK YOU--
THE END

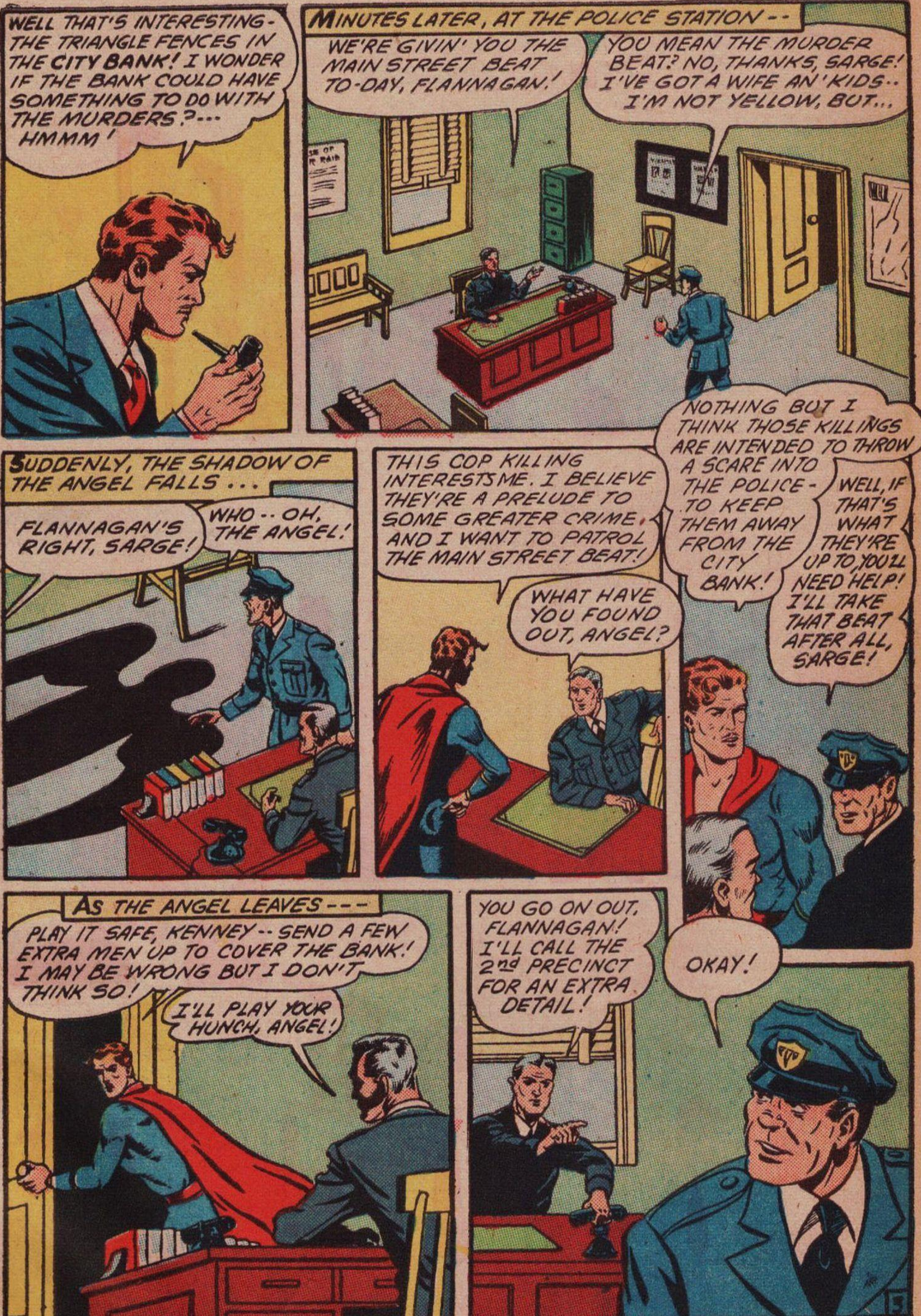
The ANGEL

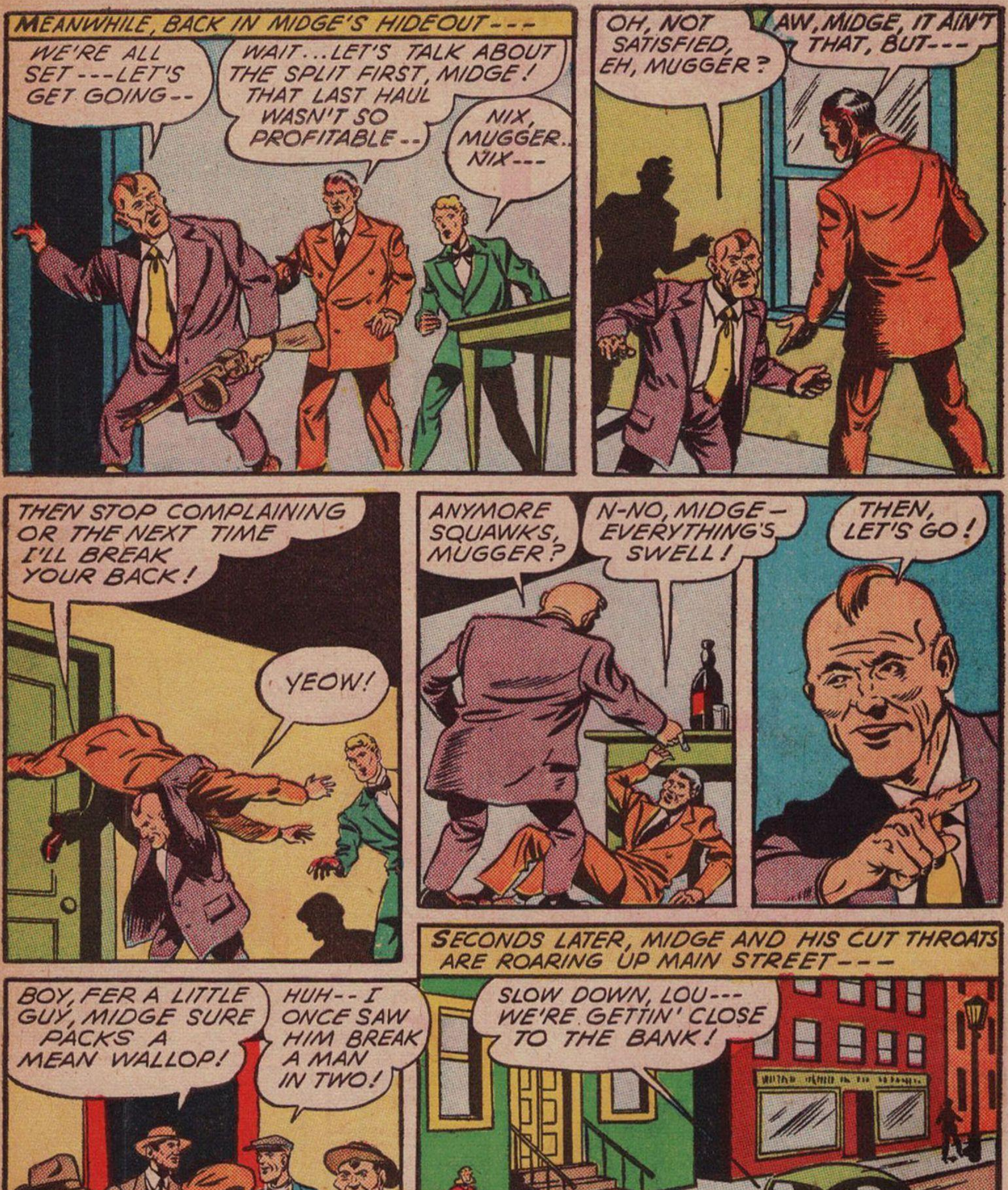

IT ALL STARTED WITH MURDER, CAUSING *THE ANGEL* TO COME FORWARD TO BATTLE WITH TWO FISTED REVENGE!

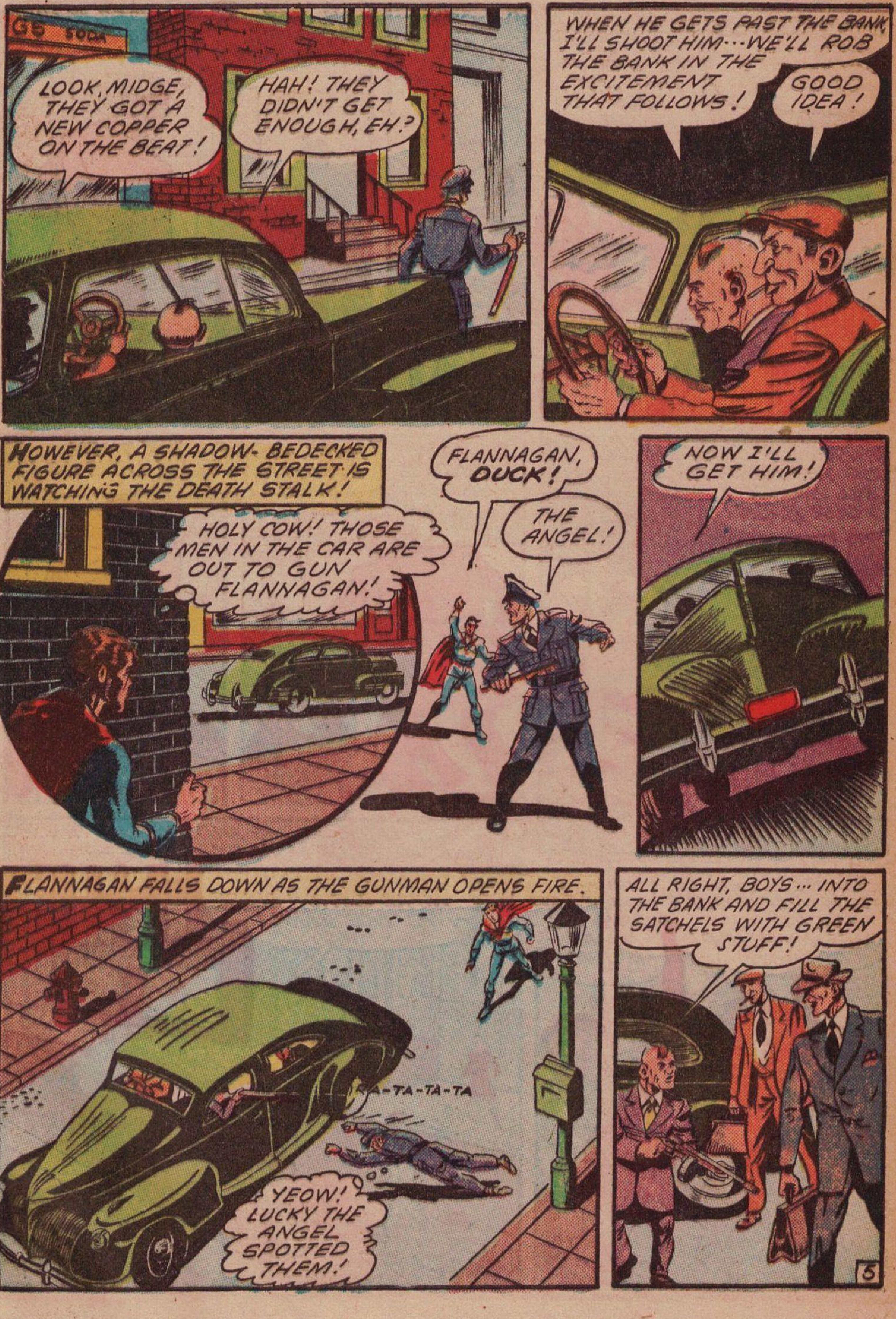

MAIN STREET, WHERE PATROLMAN DUFFY SERENELY WALKS HIS BEAT...
COME BACK TO ERIN, MAVOURNEEN-


SUDDENLY, LIVID FLAME AND SCREAMING SLUGS TEAR INTO DUFFY . . .
YAAGHH-
DIE, COPPER!

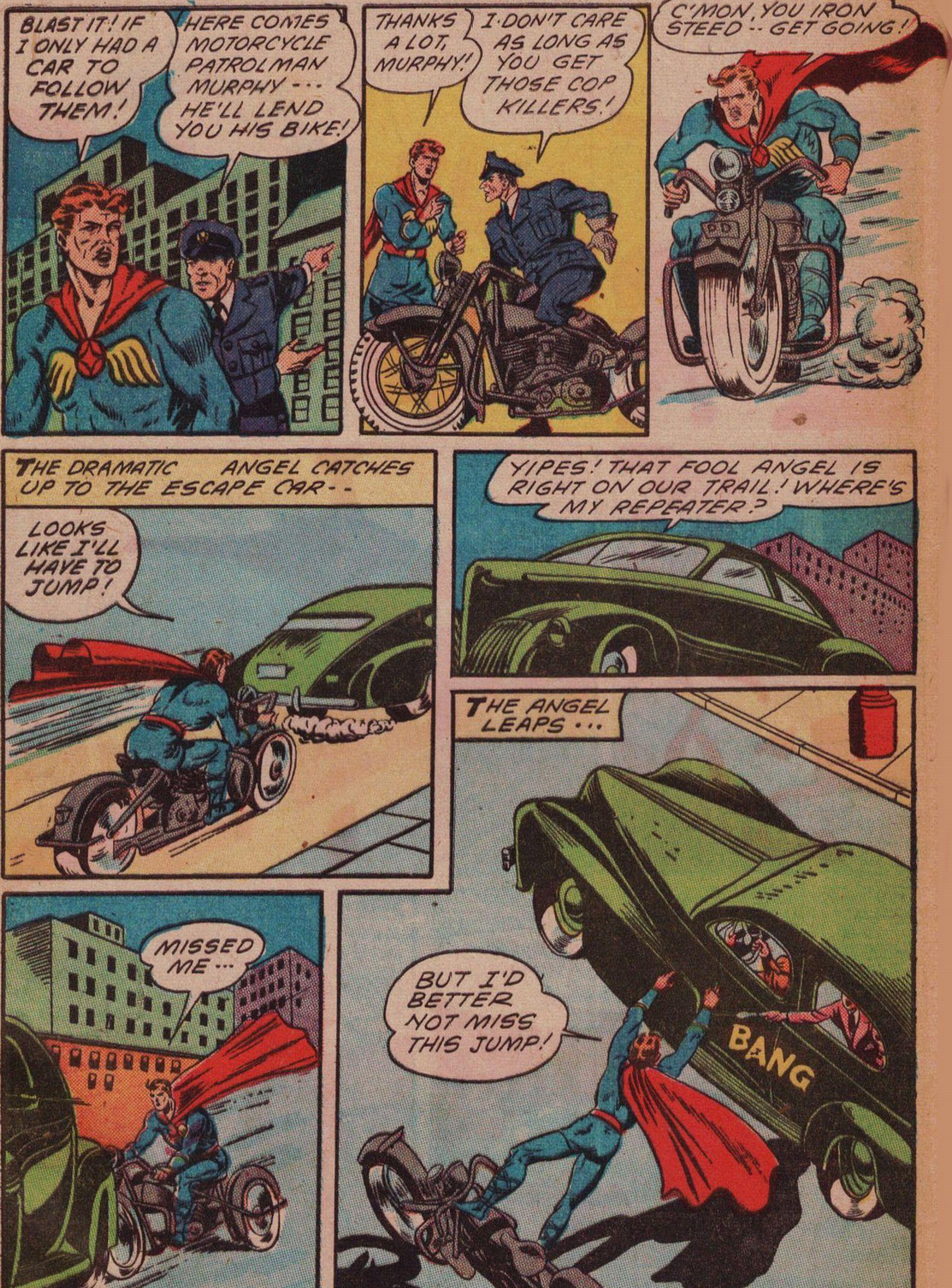

DAILY TRUMPET
MAIN STREET MURDERER STRIKES AGAIN!
PATROLMAN DUFFY MORTALLY WOUNDED. POLICE BAFFLED!
MR. N.T. DUFFY
SCENE OF MURDER
LATER, AT A SECLUDED HIDEOUT... THE KILLERS!
HAW! LOOKS LIKE THE "MIDGE" SURE IS GETTING HIS REVENGE!
YEAH!
SH-H! HERE'S TH' MIDGE!
ENJOYING THE HEADLINES, BOYS?
YEAH.. SURE! WE GOT THE COPS GOING NUTS!
THAT'S THE WAY I WANT IT. THE MORE WE CONFUSE THEM, THE BETTER IT WILL BE FOR US!
WATCHA MEAN, MIDGE?
DO YOU THINK I WANTED THOSE COPS KILLED FOR REVENGE? DON'T BE SIMPLE... I WANT 'EM RUNNING IN CIRCLES BEFORE WE PULL OUR MAIN JOB!
YOU MEAN THE CITY BANK ON MAIN STREET, DON'TCHA?
PRECISELY!
GEE! YOU SURE GOT BRAINS, MIDGE!
MEANWHILE, EVEN THE ANGEL IS INTERESTED IN THE MAIN STREET MURDERS.
THREE MURDERS... ALL ON MAIN STREET---NO CLUES... NO REASONS... HMM!
THIS MAP SHOWS THE SECTION WHERE ALL THREE POLICEMEN WERE MURDERED -- SAY...
IF I DRAW A LINE FROM EACH POINT OF CRIME AND FORM A TRIANGLE... LET'S SEE!
MAIN STREET
PLE
STREET

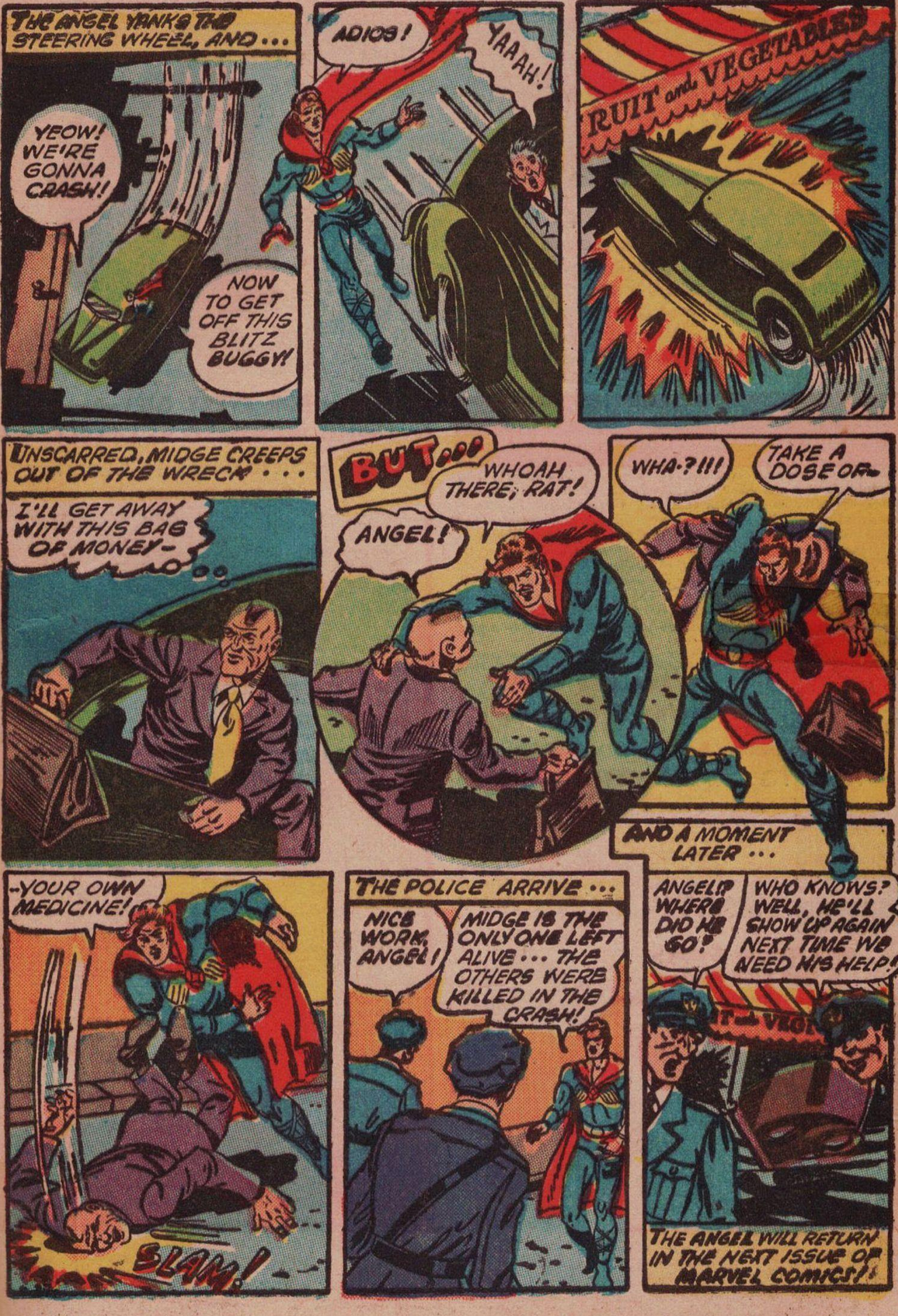

WELL THAT'S INTERESTING- THE TRIANGLE FENCES IN THE CITY BANK! I WONDER IF THE BANK COULD HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MURDERS?... HMMM!
MINUTES LATER, AT THE POLICE STATION--
WE'RE GIVIN' YOU THE MAIN STREET BEAT TO-DAY, FLANNAGAN!
YOU MEAN THE MURDER BEAT? NO, THANKS, SARGE! I'VE GOT A WIFE AN' KIDS.. I'M NOT YELLOW, BUT...
SUDDENLY, THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS...
FLANNAGAN'S RIGHT, SARGE!
WHO.. OH, THE ANGEL!
THIS COP KILLING INTERESTS ME. I BELIEVE THEY'RE A PRELUDE TO SOME GREATER CRIME, AND I WANT TO PATROL THE MAIN STREET BEAT!
WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND OUT, ANGEL?
NOTHING BUT I THINK THOSE KILLINGS ARE INTENDED TO THROW A SCARE INTO THE POLICE - TO KEEP THEM AWAY FROM THE CITY BANK!
WELL, IF THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE UP TO, YOU'LL NEED HELP! I'LL TAKE THAT BEAT AFTER ALL, SARGE!
AS THE ANGEL LEAVES---
PLAY IT SAFE, KENNEY-- SEND A FEW EXTRA MEN UP TO COVER THE BANK! I MAY BE WRONG BUT I DON'T THINK SO!
I'LL PLAY YOUR HUNCH, ANGEL!
YOU GO ON OUT, FLANNAGAN! I'LL CALL THE 2nd PRECINCT FOR AN EXTRA DETAIL!
OKAY!


MEANWHILE, BACK IN MIDGE'S HIDEOUT---
WE'RE ALL SET---LET'S GET GOING--
WAIT...LET'S TALK ABOUT THE SPLIT FIRST, MIDGE! THAT LAST HAUL WASN'T SO PROFITABLE--
NIX, MUGGER.. NIX---
OH, NOT SATISFIED, EH, MUGGER?
AW, MIDGE, IT AIN'T THAT, BUT---
THEN STOP COMPLAINING OR THE NEXT TIME I'LL BREAK YOUR BACK!
YEOW!
ANYMORE SQUAWKS, MUGGER?
N-NO, MIDGE— EVERYTHING'S SWELL!
THEN, LET'S GO!
BOY, FER A LITTLE GUY, MIDGE SURE PACKS A MEAN WALLOP!
HUH--I ONCE SAW HIM BREAK A MAN IN TWO!
SECONDS LATER, MIDGE AND HIS CUT THROATS ARE ROARING UP MAIN STREET---
SLOW DOWN, LOU--- WE'RE GETTIN' CLOSE TO THE BANK!


SODA
LOOK, MIDGE, THEY GOT A NEW COPPER ON THE BEAT!
HAH! THEY DIDN'T GET ENOUGH, EH?
WHEN HE GETS PAST THE BANK, I'LL SHOOT HIM··· WE'LL ROB THE BANK IN THE EXCITEMENT THAT FOLLOWS!
GOOD IDEA!
HOWEVER, A SHADOW- BEDECKED FIGURE ACROSS THE STREET IS WATCHING THE DEATH STALK!
HOLY COW! THOSE MEN IN THE CAR ARE OUT TO GUN FLANNAGAN!
FLANNAGAN, DUCK!
THE ANGEL!
NOW I'LL GET HIM!
FLANNAGAN FALLS DOWN AS THE GUNMAN OPENS FIRE.
RA-TA-TA-TA
YEOW! LUCKY THE ANGEL SPOTTED THEM!
ALL RIGHT, BOYS ... INTO THE BANK AND FILL THE SATCHELS WITH GREEN STUFF!
5

ANGEL IS WAITING AS THE CAR PULLS UP.
A MIDGET--SO THAT'S THE GUY BEHIND ALL OF THIS!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE ANGEL!
SO, YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP MIDGE, EH?
HEY!?
I AM OFTEN A GREAT SURPRISE TO OTHERS!
WOW! WHAT STRENGTH!
YOU'RE IN FOR A BLACKOUT, ANGEL!
UMPH!
BAM!
OKAY, MIDGE, WE'RE FINISHED! SAY,--ISN'T THAT THE ANGEL?
YES -- HE WON'T BOTHER US! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THINGS GET HOT!
BANK
FLANNAGAN ATTEMPTS TO STOP THE ESCAPE!
THERE THEY ARE-THE DIRTY RATS!
HEY-- DIDN'T I GET THAT FLATFOOT?
ANGEL YELLED IN TIME--HE DUCKED! SKIP IT!
AS THE ANGEL COMES TO ---
THEY GOT AWAY, ANGEL! I COULDN'T STOP 'EM!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, FLANNAGAN! BOY-- THAT MIDGET CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO WRESTLE! HE THREW ME FOR A LOOP!
6


BLAST IT! IF I ONLY HAD A CAR TO FOLLOW THEM!
HERE COMES MOTORCYCLE PATROLMAN MURPHY -.. HE'LL LEND YOU HIS BIKE!
THANKS A LOT, MURPHY!
I DON'T CARE AS LONG AS YOU GET THOSE COP KILLERS!
C'MON, YOU IRON STEED -- GET GOING!
THE DRAMATIC ANGEL CATCHES UP TO THE ESCAPE CAR--
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO JUMP!
YIPES! THAT FOOL ANGEL IS RIGHT ON OUR TRAIL! WHERE'S MY REPEATER?
THE ANGEL LEAPS ...
MISSED ME ...
BUT I'D BETTER NOT MISS THIS JUMP!
BANG


THE ANGEL YANKS THE STEERING WHEEL, AND...
YEOW! WE'RE GONNA CRASH!
NOW TO GET OFF THIS BLITZ BUGGY!
ADIOS!
YAAAAH!
RUIT and VEGETABLES
UNSCARRED, MIDGE CREEPS OUT OF THE WRECK...
I'LL GET AWAY WITH THIS BAG OF MONEY—
BUT...
WHOAH THERE, RAT!
ANGEL!
WHA-?!!!
TAKE A DOSE OF—
AND A MOMENT LATER...
—YOUR OWN MEDICINE!
SLAM!
THE POLICE ARRIVE...
NICE WORK, ANGEL!
MIDGE IS THE ONLY ONE LEFT ALIVE... THE OTHERS WERE KILLED IN THE CRASH!
ANGEL!? WHERE DID HE GO?
WHO KNOWS? WELL, HE'LL SHOW UP AGAIN NEXT TIME WE NEED HIS HELP!
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1. How to take care of your skin.
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3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own: don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive
44. Shopping pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others: let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume" etc etc
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